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CURRENT COMMENT.

THE papers are carrying long stories of the progress of the Russian delegates towards Genoa, and of the iron-clad conditions that are to be imposed upon them before they are admitted to the conference. One gains the general impression that M. Chicherin and his associates will go from the railway-station to the conference-room on their hands and knees, and when once inside will remain in that posture, discreetly silent and with downcast eyes, until the meeting adjourns. We doubt its being as bad as all this. The same papers report Lenin as saying, meanwhile, that the Genoa conference is a pretty paltry affair, and that the expectations put upon it are much exaggerated. What attracts us, however, and gains our unmeasured and uproarious approval, is the statement of the Russian delegates that they are going to the conference first and foremost for the interests of Russia, and that they intend to drive the hardest possible bargain. Talk like this pleases us immensely. Every conference from Versailles down, has been invariably preceded, accompanied, and followed by an irruption of snivelling cant about "insuring the peace of the world," "the reconstruction of Europe," and the like, until we are fed up with it. Say what one may about the Russians, their forthrightness is prepossessing, and it sets them off with considerable distinction against their fellow-conferees.

BUT does anyone else notice, or do we imagine it, that it seems fearfully hard work for the correspondents and editorial writers to get up a full head of steam over the Genoa conference? The old glibness and assurance, the old certainty that the hopes of the public were all alive and waiting—where are they? There is plenty of time yet, perhaps, but so far we have seen no signs. We have in mind some day, when the conference-pitcher has gone to the well for the last time, which we think will be at Genoa, to write some observations on the Uses of Failure. When President Wilson's train passed over the countryside, European peasants knelt by the track throughout the night—think of it! Then came Versailles, and the world's hopes were high and its interest breathless; then failure! then Brussels, Spa, Hythe and all the rest, each one marked by a little less faith and hope, a little less interest; all failures! Then came Washington, with hardly anyone expecting anything, the press-agents having the devil's own job to keep it on the first page, and it must be said to the credit of the conferees that this time they

did not try to do much; and that, too, was a failure! Then came Cannes, and it died at birth, with no one caring two straws; and now comes Genoa, if it does come and does not perish at the preliminary roll-call, as the very frazzle and fag-end of failure. These failures have had great uses, and some day we shall expound them; not saying what we think those uses ought to be, but what they actually are.

By way of welcome to the Soviet delegates to Genoa, the *Morning Post* of London came through the other day with "a summary of the great inquest which has been held by representatives of civilization on the crime whose main object is the destruction of that very civilization itself." The crime is, of course, the Bolshevik revolution, but the inquisitors are not so easily identified. On the evidence presented in the summary, we should say that they represent about nine parts of credulity or corruption, to one part of civilization. But let the *Post* speak against itself. It says that most of the 3978 strikes which occurred in Great Britain between the signing of the armistice and November, 1921, "were caused by the preaching of Bolshevism inspired by Lenin's followers." Leaving this particular absurdity to the criticism of common sense, we pass on to the statement that "Lenin's great betrayal released 1,600,000 German soldiers to fight us on the Western front." This, of course, is pure nonsense; every one knows by this time that for all practical purposes, and in spite of every militant effort of the Provisional Government, the Russian army itself had made peace long before the date of Lenin's great betrayal. The editors of the *Post* could dig up this information out of their files, if it was information that they wanted, instead of blather and buncombe.

INDEED, the most amusing dispatches referring to the manœuvres of the Powers with regard to the Genoa conference, are those that deal with the negotiations that have been taking place between Moscow and the French Foreign Office. A month ago, inspired communications were floating about in the French papers, containing references to the "Bolshevik bluff" and "the determination of France to insist upon an honest understanding," whatever that may mean. On the other hand, there was much written about the "Bolshevik fear of Genoa"; and the busy journalists, acting for the Quai d'Orsay, explained that Moscow dreaded London more than Paris. Later on it was learned that a well-known French diplomatist was "entrusted with a confidential mission by the French Foreign Office and sent to Moscow nominally as a representative of the French Red Cross, and ostensibly to arrange for French aid for the Russian famine." Subsequently M. Poincaré was obliged to admit that his Government was negotiating with Soviet headquarters. Then we learned that "a natural alliance" was in prospect, and that it would never do for the French Government to be outwitted by Downing Street; that England having an envious eye directly focused upon Russian trade, might by entering into a secret treaty, deprive France of a just share.

So the game was worked; and now we learn from Mr. Arthur Ransome, that Lenin is quite aware of the competition that is going on between France and Great Britain for Russian commerce, and that he will be under no illusions about his own position when the conference at Genoa begins. It is plain as the nose on one's face that the

stupidity of the competing Allies has put Lenin in the enviable position of a safe seller who can take his time about closing a bargain, meanwhile watching the value of his wares bid up by competing purchasers. It should be quite possible for him to make two "natural alliances" if he so desires. He will be as earnestly regarded at Genoa as a demijohn at a barn-raising. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George may, for the first time, learn what it is to play second fiddle at a conference. So does time, a very short time, suffice to cover a multitude of objections raised against the man who was a danger to the world and who waded knee-deep in blood to a dictatorship of crime! How interesting it is, by the way, that the Red Cross should at this late day remain the most serviceable channel through which the underhand rascalities of the Allied Foreign Offices can be carried on!

As he passed through Riga on his way to the big doings at Genoa, George Chicherin peeled off one more statement on the subject of concessions in Russia. Once again we hear that the Soviet Government is prepared to grant concessions to foreigners who wish to engage in railway-building, lumbering, mining, and agriculture; once more we are told that foreign capital will not be allowed to control the life of the country. All this is a phase of the "new economic policy" of the Bolshevik Government, a policy which we never have understood, and do not understand now. We have read a number of Lenin's statements on this subject, and as nearly as we can make out, he says that by keeping control of the political machinery of Russia, the Communists can direct the course of economic development. We are not saying that Lenin believes this; we do not see how he can possibly believe it, for it runs directly contrary to his own Marxian doctrine of economic determinism. For our own part, we are dead certain that the entire Bolshevik system of soviets, trade unions and co-operatives will be powerless to protect the working classes against exploitation, if the natural resources of the country once fall into private hands. We are as much opposed to exploitation as Lenin ever was, and we should be very glad indeed if he would tell us just what he is getting at.

THE President of France has just left Paris for a long tour of the French possessions in North Africa, making the rounds by motor-car chiefly. A special dispatch to the *New York Times*, after saying that this ambitious undertaking is generally regarded as of the utmost importance to France, makes the odd observation that it is "comparable to that which President Poincaré paid to Russia on the eve of the war." We would give a good deal if the aggravating correspondent had not stopped just at the moment when he was in danger of becoming interesting, and had told us in what respects this visit of M. Millerand is comparable to M. Poincaré's sojourn in Petersburg. M. Poincaré went to Petersburg, as is now quite well-known, primarily in his capacity as the premier gravedigger of Europe; he went there to put the finishing touches on his plans for the great war. Is it to be understood that M. Millerand's excursion is that of a kind of glorified recruiting-sergeant and reviewing-officer? The correspondent warily says that part of M. Millerand's purpose is to pay a tribute to the Moroccan and Algerian soldiers "who fought in the French ranks in the war."

THE correspondent also remarks the fact lately expounded in this paper by Mr. Norman Angell, that French colonial policy encourages its subject races, regardless of colour or religion, to think of themselves as French; and he quotes the phrase of General Mangin that "France is a country of 100 million people." Not a bad plan, that, when there is a prospect of some fighting to be done! The mention of it brings to our mind a few lines from the introduction which M. Clemenceau wrote for M. André Tardieu's book, "The Truth about the Treaty." Besides throwing light on the present subject, it also shows how the real achievements of a conference are brought about and how much common honesty prevails in their

performance. Speaking of the difficulties of agreement at the Paris conference, M. Clemenceau says (*italics ours*): "For France to obtain the right to subject to military service, for the exclusive defence of her own territory, *the natives* of the countries over which she obtained a mandate, it was necessary to assert the *contrary principle*, and it was only at the end of a year that (see texts) a right of interpretation was implicitly recognized to us which amounted to nothing less than the formal negation of the professed agreement. As to an express recognition, it was always energetically refused to us." As an exhibit of contemptible, lying hypocrisy, we submit that this takes the persimmon.

THERE are sensible men in France, and one of them is M. Jean Hennessy, deputy for the Charente. In *L'Europe Nouvelle*, he says the French democracy has grown lazy, and has slothfully abandoned the conduct of its affairs to the care of an oligarchy; and that the welfare of the country is disregarded for the selfish ends of certain groups. He charges the Government with shirking its responsibilities, and says that certain financial and economic groups influence its decisions. He asks how Germany is to pay the enormous sums she owes without disturbing the world's economic status, and tells us that "the one means whereby it would be possible to obtain, if not the complete liquidation of our debt, at least the speedy reconstruction of our devastated areas, would be the use of German building-material and German labour. The *bloc national* brushed this solution aside for so-called sentimental reasons, which in many cases hide slightly less disinterested motives."

THIS, then, is the reason why the Loucheur-Rathenau policy, under the Wiesbaden agreement, was not carried out. In a significant sentence M. Hennessy refers to the danger of French jingo policy. He says: "It would be easy to fan the flame of hatred, and to maintain that a bruised and depopulated France, who must needs call in her black troops to fight side by side with her own soldiers, can pursue a policy of isolation. This, however, does not satisfy us; such a policy is dangerous, because it is not democratic. It would inevitably lead to a resumption of hostilities after the conclusion of a treaty which only marks a truce and mocks the name of peace." The positive part of his manifesto is surprisingly European in its aim. He desires a European pact, "a proposal to Europe to create a society of European nations" and adds, "It would be the first attempt to create a definite union among European States, the only means whereby to soothe internal quarrels, and to give to Europe the position in the world to which her science, her genius, and her traditions entitle her." We think we hear in this the voice of the France that was struck dumb by the rise of MM. Delcassé and Poincaré; and it is indeed a welcome sound.

LAST May, nearly a year ago, the following order was issued "under the power and authority of martial law," by Colonel John H. Russell, commander of the American Marines in Haiti: "While the freedom of press and of speech are practically unrestricted, articles or speeches that are of an incendiary nature or reflect adversely upon the United States forces in Haiti, or tend to stir up an agitation against the United States officials who are aiding and supporting the Constitutional Government of Haiti, or articles or speeches attacking the President of Haiti or the Haitian Government, are prohibited, and offenders against this order will be brought to trial before a military tribunal."

We have quoted the order in full, because as we re-read it now after these many months, we find its language simply irresistible. We are especially amused by the statement that "the freedom of the press and of speech are *practically* unrestricted." What the Colonel meant was, we think, that freedom is (or are) *theoretically* unrestricted. At any rate, we are at this moment better able to interpret the order than we were a few days ago.

for we have just come into possession of a bit of news indirectly transmitted from the Haitian front. At the risk of giving aid and comfort to the enemy, we quote from the *Negro World* of New York City a few words from a statement issued by M. Georges Sylvain, former Haitian Minister to France: "Mr. Lemaire, publisher of the *Courier Haitien*, was tried before a military court of the American Occupation in Haiti on 21 February of this year, and was sentenced to six months at hard labour and a fine of \$300 on 4 March, for having received and published a news-item telling of a brutal attack upon a citizen by a Haitian lieutenant of *gendarmierie*. The *Courier Haitien*, as its only comment on this story, said it was difficult to believe such acts could still be perpetrated in sight and knowledge of the entire population." This comment certainly does "reflect adversely upon the United States forces" which control and direct the affairs of Haiti; but can anyone say anything truthful about the conduct of these forces which does not so reflect upon them?

THE British Parliament recently refused to make an appropriation for Russian famine-relief. About the same time, some questions in the House of Commons developed the fact that since the liquidation of the Denikin and Wrangel insurrections, the British Government has paid out about a million pounds sterling to the survivors. Thus the British Government displays a consistency remarkable among institutions of its kind. Denikin and Wrangel were largely the creatures of the adventurous Mr. Winston Churchill, and it probably should be counted for some sort of virtue that even after the defeat of their hopes, he and his professional colleagues provided for their own. Yet it would appear that the British Government was dodging a higher obligation, for if the bandit raids of Denikin and Wrangel were not responsible for the famine, they were at least a powerful ally and adjutant. The Russian people so exhausted their own energies and depleted their resources in throwing out these highly subsidized rascals, that it was wellnigh impossible to cope with the desolation that spread death through the Volga valley. "Millions for bandits, but not one farthing for starving women and children," is a practical and businesslike motto, but that is perhaps as much as can be said for it.

IN Hong-Kong, the Chinese sailors are on strike against their British masters. The issue is as familiar as boiled eggs for breakfast: the men want a raise in wages. The British Government of Hong-Kong has apparently behaved more or less as American and European Governments do under similar circumstances. According to report, the authorities have raided the strike-headquarters, impounded the leaders, and forbidden Chinese citizens to leave the colony without a permit. With provision thus made against the overflow of the labour-surplus, the employers are importing strike-breakers from Shanghai and other ports on the Yangtze River. The strikers have, for their part, succeeded in calling out the domestic servants of British families in Hong-Kong, and the sympathetic strike is spreading to adjoining cities. At any rate, so goes the story as outlined in a plaintive appeal addressed by the Chinese Seamen's Institute of New York City to the American Federation of Labour. The story has gone just so a thousand times, ten thousand times, in Europe and America. The Chinese miss the point when they lay emphasis on the fact that the employers are British, while the employees are natives. The question of imperialism is of course involved, but the Institute's appeal opens a still larger question when it alludes incidentally to the fact that the demand for a raise in wages has been laid before all the shipowners of Hong-Kong and Canton, Chinese as well as British. Are the seamen better treated by the one than the other? We rather doubt it.

THOSE Americans who can not understand why the Irish continue so violently to discuss the good faith of the proffered treaty obviously fail to realize how great is the Englishman's reputation for being almost too sharp at a

bargain. From Helsingfors to Sicily, it is firmly believed that public life in England has developed a class of men who, behind the blank and stolid masks which they affect, have subtle intelligences which can not be surpassed in the quick give-and-take of official negotiations. Perhaps it is a myth without foundation. Perhaps a careful study of international affairs for the last century would show that the English have been bamboozled at many a conference-table; still, a glance at a map of the world would seem to suggest that they have fared quite well, and once in a while we get an interesting bit of English candour on the subject. For example, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, in his "Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt," describes his conversations back in 1882 at Cairo with Sir Auckland Colvin, a hard, cold, practical and highly successful Anglo-Indian administrator. Says Mr. Blunt: "Colvin was sometimes astonishingly frank in speech. I remember his telling me, on one occasion, when we were talking of Eastern duplicity, that it was a mistake to suppose that in this the Orientals were our masters. An Englishman who knew the game, he said, could always beat them with their own weapons and they were mere children in deceit when it came to a contest with us."

THE papers tell us, that in the American community of Manila, righteous anger runs high against the publishers of the *Philippine Herald*. A short time ago, says the *New York Times*, the *Herald* brought out a cartoon showing "a big bully labelled 'Wood,' stabbing a female Filipino figure labelled 'P. I. Autonomy' through the heart with a big dagger labelled 'Veto Power.'" The cartoon is considered libellous, even seditious, and Heaven only knows what will happen to the *Herald*, which is of course responsible for all the trouble that has arisen since General Wood put his *liberum veto* on sixteen bills passed by the last session of the Philippine legislature. If the ruction continues, and it comes to a choice between the journal and the General, the *Herald* will certainly have to go.

IN this country, there are a good many people who levy upon cultural imports a schedule of tariffs which vary concordantly with everything except the artistic quality of the goods. The "most favoured nation clause" is extended now to one country, and now to another; genius is rejected, and trash is accepted with rejoicing; and all the time the music of Richard Wagner and the gossip of Margot Asquith are what they are, for better and for worse, whatever may be the political and social preferences of the critics. As a matter of course, we question no man's right to withdraw his favour from Wagnerian opera, and lay it out on Mrs. Asquith's oratory. This sort of thing has always been done, and always will be done, by people who know no better. The point we are trying to make is that this distribution of favour is not based entirely on a preference for what is cheap and tawdry, but is due in part to the confusion which results from the extension into the cultural field of concepts which have no meaning there. In other words, we believe that Mrs. Asquith's lectures owe their popularity as much to the nationality of the lecturer as to the triviality of all that she has to say. We are unable to explain the situation otherwise, for when we attempt to picture to ourselves the triumphal American tour of a non-English lecturer of similar incapacities, we simply can not compass it.

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It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

FREEDOM AS A GUIDING TEST.

THE mercury in the political thermometer is rising even more rapidly than the outdoor temperature of advancing spring. The witches' cauldron is bubbling and boiling, and through the smoky vapours glimpses are to be had of portentous shapes—the bonus bill, the tariff bill, the ship-subsidy bill—spectres well calculated to startle the beholder. These are the measures which the witch-doctors at Washington are conjuring up for the benefit of a sick world. The general belief in the efficacy of laws is so great that the legislative mills are kept busy supplying the demand. Such differences of opinion as exist regarding the desirability of any particular measure are usually based upon vague personal prejudices or considerations of an entirely selfish nature. Even the old party-prepossessions no longer serve to divide opinion on the issues of the day, because neither political party is the champion of any recognizable principle. If the voters can no longer boast that theirs is the party of progress or the party of conservatism, the party pledged to safeguard individual rights or the one bent upon extending the territory and increasing the glory of the nation, they may be better off than they used to be—for these party-pretensions were always quite illusory—but something is needed to take the place of party-tradition, something better fitted to serve as a guide in determining the value of the policies advanced with bewildering rapidity by Governments more remarkable for the number than for the usefulness of the laws they pass.

No doubt the easiest course is to trust to the prompting of unconsidered self-interest, and thus to advocate a bonus if you are an ex-soldier, to welcome a ship-subsidy if you are in the shipping-business, or to write your own tariff-schedule if you are a powerful manufacturer. But as the great majority of sufferers are not direct beneficiaries of the laws that are passed, and as true self-interest must take into consideration the general well-being, it would be a distinct gain to be able to turn to some guiding principle, and by it test the quality of the goods offered by the politicians.

Since all political issues have to do with the struggle between the opposing ideals of authority and liberty, of paternalism and self-government, what could be a better criterion than the extension of freedom? But as abstract terms have suffered from misuse, it may be necessary to define freedom as equality of opportunity in the pursuit of happiness. If we subject the bonus bill to this test, it will be seen that such a measure is headed in the wrong direction; for it not only confers favours on a class at the expense of all, but the taxes by which the money required must eventually be raised will accentuate the inequalities which already exist in the field of opportunity. The ship-subsidy bill is open to the same criticism. By confusing the gains of the individual shipowners with the prosperity of the nation as a whole, it is hoped to disguise the real nature of a subsidy; but it is only necessary to reflect that equality of opportunity can not be furthered by regulations which take from the consumer the natural advantages of competition. Nothing could be more striking than the inequality of laws which compel people to act as no sensible man would think of acting voluntarily. We doubt if even a congressman would attempt to run his private business in the wasteful manner he prescribes for the business of the nation. What is true of ship-subsidies is equally true of the

tariff, which is simply an indirect subsidy. If we are to "protect" shipowners and manufacturers, the unfavoured masses must forgo the protection afforded by access to the most advantageous markets for buying and selling; and only by the threat of severe penalties is it possible to induce people to act so directly in opposition to their natural instincts.

If life be regarded as a race for prizes, one's natural sense of fairness would demand that the course be kept open and every competitor be free to exert his powers as long as he did not interfere with any of the other runners. The duty of officials is to see that these conditions are fulfilled. Instead, however, some of the runners profit by unfair handicaps, while for the others the course is turned into a veritable obstacle-race. But life is not, properly considered, a race which offers prizes to a few winners and nothing for the unsuccessful contestants. It is in its nature a co-operative enterprise in which one can satisfy one's own wants only by helping to satisfy the wants of others, since all human transactions are reducible to an exchange of services. Laws which forbid or limit co-operation infringe the rule of equal freedom.

This rule may be applied as readily to foreign as to domestic policy; in fact, there is often a closer connexion between the two than is supposed. Both tariff and ship-subsidy involve international complications through discrimination against foreigners. Judged by the standard of equality, the exercise of brute force in the Caribbean stands condemned; while the removal of an embargo against Mexico is a step in the right direction. Russia still waits for an acknowledgment on our part of her right to self-determination. We have substituted for equality the fantastic notion of a "moral trusteeship" which seems to be justification enough for our State Department to block even relief work which does not serve a desired political end! The principle of equality demands the recognition both of Mexico and Russia, not only or even primarily for the sake of Mexicans and Russians, but in order that the American people may exercise their right of buying and selling in the markets of the world. These are only a few rough examples of a test that by its simplicity and comprehensiveness should recommend itself as a substitute for the old party-shibboleths and other uncritical methods of assessing political action.

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.

SEVERAL times of late we have delivered ourselves of some observations on the baneful effects of imperialism on the citizens of the imperialist State, pointing out the manner in which it perverts the minds of humane and intelligent persons, transforming them, quite unconsciously and against their better nature, into apologists for the most outrageous and despicable forms of exploitation. A striking example of this lies before us in an editorial on India in the *New Statesman* of London, a periodical normally well-informed, realistic and logical in its treatment of world-affairs. We here find it delivering itself of a farrago of evasive nonsense that would do credit to a diplomat. The main point of the editorial is the identification of British rule in India with "democracy." By maintaining its hold on India, even, if necessary, by the use of force to the uttermost against the native population, Britain is serving the purposes of democracy; whereas if she withdrew, the result would be chaos and barbarism. It would thus appear that the Government that staged and condoned Amritsar, hangs on in India because of a humanitarian fear that if left to themselves the Indians might set to murdering one another.

A few quotations will show the tenor of the argument:

The withdrawal of the British power would be the end of the British peace, and with it would vanish all possibility of a democratic India.

Abdication would be treason to democracy.

For our part we place democratic principle above nationalistic sentiment, and we believe that the democratic experiment ought to be tried.

[The British must not leave India] until we have had time to create the machinery and the personnel with which India might defend herself against enemies within and without her gates, and achieve an actually stable form of self-government.

In Western Europe we all believe very profoundly in the doctrine of 'free speech'; it is the very foundation, not only of our liberties, but of our ability to develop a coherent national consciousness. But we have no right lazily to assume that 'free speech' amongst the illiterate millions of India means the same thing, and has the same practical sanction, as among ourselves.

This is the sort of self-deception that might be expected from a Curzon or a Churchill; though at this late day, it would seem a bit crude for even the most hardened Tory to try to work the derisive Wilsonian phrase "safe for democracy," in apology for the most ruthless large-scale imperialist exploitation that has ever been seen in the world. The idea of democracy is no more contemplated by British rule in India than by American rule in Haiti and Santo Domingo, or by French rule in Morocco, or by the action of the highwayman who menaces unarmed pedestrians with his gun while he snatches their valuables. What a grotesque sort of democracy, which can find no better use for such men as Mahatma Gandhi and Lajpat Rai, than to keep them locked behind prison bars!

Let us look again at the origins of this great British-made democratic influence upon India. The original British establishment in India was the usual chartered company intent on large profits for its shareholders. The company's first step was the securing of concessions from native rulers. Backed by British governmental power, it rapidly progressed to the usurpation of authority in various Indian States, though for a period it retained the native rulers as figureheads. Sometimes the company would encourage some powerful prince to descend upon his weaker neighbours, slaughter them, and add their territory to his own domains. The British would then deprive him of his loot, in payment for their assistance, and in addition levy increasingly heavy tribute on him until in despair he committed some overt act against them and was in his turn gobbled up by the exponents of "democracy." The enterprising young imperialists who spread British rule over India freely utilized corruption, bribery, assassination, thieving, forgery, false treaties, double-dealing, in pursuance of their ends. Democracy seems out of this picture. It seems, indeed, out of any picture that can be drawn of India since the first days of British rule. However, the term was so horribly misused during the war that to-day it may mean almost anything.

The *New Statesman's* disparaging reference to the illiterate millions of India is perhaps lifted from the *Morning Post*. In a single generation after being freed from Turkish rule, Bulgaria achieved a good degree of literacy, and in a few decades the people of Finland, despite the blighting effects of Russian control, raised themselves to the position of possessing the most widely diffused literacy of any people in Europe. If, after a century and a half of British rule, the masses of India are still illiterate, this unfortunate condition can scarcely be held as a reproach against the natives themselves. Out of the fat revenues wrung

from this land of misery and starvation, the British rulers appropriate for educational purposes scarcely enough to purchase one lead-pencil per capita for the child-population, which would not go far towards providing for school-houses, textbooks and the like. Voluntary native schools are forbidden by the British *raj*, so the only hope of any instruction for the average child in India lies in precarious attempts at educational bootlegging. "Beware above all things popular education!" is one of the Russian Tsarist mottoes rigorously adopted by the imperialist rulers in India. It is not, of course, free speech among the illiterate that worries the Anglo-Saxon masters. The natives whom they gag and incarcerate are not drawn from the inarticulate mass, but are men like Gandhi and Lajpat Rai, who would be welcomed as comrades by the choicest spirits in any civilized society, men in comparison with whom most of the leaders in the British Government or our own would be rated as virtually illiterate.

It distresses us to behold our honest contemporary becoming a devil's advocate in matters such as these. We are not opposed to the British brand of imperialism any more than to the American or any other variety, and if we refer frequently to the British product, it is only because it happens to be the most conspicuous line in the market. It is obvious that the British people can not themselves be free until they have cast off the spell of imperialism that their masters of the black art have woven over them. For us in America this is peculiarly a thing to be taken to heart, for our own imperialist adventure is well under way, its Oriental enterprises have just received the sanction of a treaty duly ratified by the Senate, and already the sorcerers of privilege are busy with their incantations over the underlying population that must yield the taxes and the cannon-fodder. It is by no means inconceivable that in the course of events the American people may be dragooned into a war against the British people "to make India safe for democracy," while our cousins across the sea are called to the colours against us "to preserve democracy in India."

ABANDONED ROADS.

"THERE seems to me," writes a friend of ours from abroad, "to be a desire now not so much to organize and regulate life as to create, beautify, and enjoy it. The two aims should perhaps not be contradictory; but in the last generation they certainly seemed so, and I am afraid that the organizers will no longer be able to sit in the coachman's box and keep the creators in check, with whip and rein."

The change to which our friend points seems to mark the difference between the old generation and the new; and it has set us reflecting upon the conflicts that are now so rapidly coming to the surface of our social life. Viewed in one light, the conflict between fathers and children is a perpetual, recurrent fact; what was nectar to their fathers is proclaimed, in the taste of the young folks, to be very small beer indeed. It is doubtless sad that this should be so; the creatures that build coral reefs have more venerable ways, and are quite content to go on adding their calcareous carcasses to the dead mass that lies beneath them: and whilst the result is not a very stimulating or lively existence, it goes to make what every nice, serious person would ungrudgingly regard as a solid achievement.

Now, the business of reform, regulation, and organization would be a much more satisfactory field for an intelligent person if human society were a coral reef, and every member of it a loyal, hundred-per-

cent polyp. As things go, however, no "constructive measure" is likely to last much longer than its sponsor, and the stones that slay the prophet probably will not lie long enough in place to form a burial cairn. Nothing seems so certain about a reform as the fact that the next generation will itch to reform it; and when it comes to treating the ideals upon which the reform has tacitly or openly been based, the younger generation usually finds a way of making short work of them without going through any other ceremony than thought.

All this is very remarkable at the present time. The older generation in America, whose last fine flowers in the domain of thought were William James and Josiah Royce, was above all things a confoundedly earnest collection of human beings. Its chief interest was, it seems fair to say, with the machinery of the political State; and it was very much disposed to patch it and tinker around with it in order that the wretched contraption might not creak so loudly and proclaim so baldly that it *was* a machine, and not an organic growth of living communities.

Human nature being the naughty thing that it is, there was always the possibility, which the progressive and serious thinker dreaded, that some one would put sand in the valves or open up the throttle and tear loose, or do something equally dreadful, not specified in the regulations for a safe and sane commonwealth. Instinctive dispositions and tendencies which could not be supervised or at least registered, by expert official persons, were looked upon as perverse, atavistic, and inimical to progress. But while progress was its very watchword, the older generation was in fact complacently conservative, in that it supposed the goods of life were already established in existing customs and institutions, and that it needed but a proper modicum of regulation, and a steady amendment, to bring us within sight of the Perfections.

In sum, the older generation was highly interested in making economic, social, and political institutions go, and was a little indifferent to both their actual direction and their end. What happened is notorious. The war gave all the uplifters and sub-uplifters a shocking jolt; and when they recovered consciousness they found a generation around them that was no longer interested in trying to make the machinery of society more perfect, but that sought so to provide that their own lives, for a little while at any rate, should be lively and enjoyable—no matter what condition the machinery might be in, or, for that matter, whether any machinery existed. With the war in its memory, and the smell of new wars brewing in the witches' cauldron of diplomacy, the younger generation committed the little heresy of doubting whether the future was likely to be much better than the present. The older generation had sniffed at enjoyment and had clung to "work," "service," and "uplift" because it fancied that the best was yet to be. To deny this was to deny progress, and to deny all the quantitative values of a community that every day was growing more literate, more sober, and more "democratic."

The younger generation, on the other hand, would apparently rather have its mess of pottage right away than be remembered in the family will as the inheritor of an estate it might never live to possess, especially since all that a perfect estate would offer would be a steady and satisfactory supply of pottage. Perhaps these young people are a little oblivious to the necessity for continuity in human undertakings, and to the fact that a human being's present is determined by a past that pushes him forward and a future he must

make some slight efforts to anticipate; but once the seed corn has been stored, the younger generation is quite right, it seems to us, in holding that there is no excuse for letting the present crop rot on the ground, or eating it in a panic of indigestion for fear that next season's crop will not be so good.

At bottom, it is not the failure to take life seriously which makes the younger generation let so many respectable things go hang; it is rather a passionate refusal to sacrifice life itself to respectability—a refusal to sacrifice joy and freedom to duty, service, loyalty, and a score of other praiseworthy notions which were ever on the lips of the older folk, and occasionally well within their grasp, but for whom joy, the joy of being free, and freedom, the freedom to enjoy, meant next to nothing. Unfortunately, the older generation is for the most part in command of all the established institutions from the school upward and outward; and since there seems to be small prospect of introducing joy and freedom within these respectable precincts, or rather, of giving them room to exist there, it is only natural that joy and freedom should lay down avenues of their own. The progressives complain that no one will keep up the old roads and pay the annual tax of labour. In our callousness, we think that the complaint is a little amusing. Where did those roads lead to? The shambles. Who followed them? The sheep. If the younger generation is indeed running wild, it is rather quaint to hear moral indignation coming from the mouth of the butcher.

The younger generation has reason to believe that time is a cheat, and the future is time's basest accomplice. It is wisdom to cultivate the present moment, and the present place, and the present opportunity, for this is like plucking flowers from a heavily laden plant, and is the condition of there being other flowers to cultivate in future. The older generation did not seem to understand this; at any rate, it snatched its flowers furtively, and was always ready to fetch up some thumping moral reason for doing so; as, for example, beautiful flowers do not *hurt* anyone, or by cultivating flowers the species might be *improved*, or by demanding flowers one provides *work* for the gardener; in short, any reason but the sensible one, namely: that flowers are beautiful, and their presence makes the senses tingle.

So we might continue the parable. The generation that connives at jazz, reads Mr. D. H. Lawrence, and likes to walk on ground that angels fear to tread may well appear to be lost—aye! lost to civilization—among those who were content to see the individual wither as the world grew more and more. But sometimes it looks as if the world of progress and political reform and mechanical improvement and moral uplift and wars for democracy—in brief, the world of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Society—had been on the wrong road, and that the younger generation is getting back, by blind fumbling and feeling, upon the main track.

LIFE BY RULE OF THUMB.

In a recent issue of *Landscape Architecture* there was an article by Mr. Frederick A. Waugh on the planning of towns in America, which seems to us to point a little moral in other matters besides the laying out of streets and the erection of buildings. It would be fun if we could persuade some of our friends who know in detail the sort of world in which they would like to live, and who have a simple plan, like "turning society over to the engineers," for creating it, to follow through the argument of this interesting article, and grapple with

its implications. Indeed, we cordially volunteer our services in summarizing Mr. Waugh's observations, if this will help our friends to concentrate upon the "first and last things" which lie beyond the horizon of the discussion.

Mr. Waugh begins by calling attention to the city plans of two or three typical New England towns whose development antedated the factory-period that followed the Civil War. The chief points noted about these early New England towns are that they are irregular in design, that the streets follow the topography, that the blocks vary greatly in size, and that the open spaces intervene fairly frequently. Whilst the central feature in these towns is always the common, with a church, a school, and sometimes even a library, there are wide variations in the layout, and no simple formula can be detected.

With the genial, rambling design of the old New England towns, the author contrasts the young cities of the South and the Middle West. The chief characteristics of these new cities is that they were built on the lattice-work pattern made fashionable by Philadelphia and New York, with the result that they frequently possessed a "Broadway" even before they were mature enough to have beaten so much as a cow-path. This uniform lattice-work or checkerboard-design, which is the same in flat Chicago, in uneven Boston, and in hilly San Francisco, is still looked upon by many good Americans as a blessing equal to a national legislature, which establishes the same kind of legislation for bibulous New York as for desiccated Kansas, in the face of William Blake's dictum that "one law for the lion and for the ox is slavery."

On the face of it, there seems much to be said for the checkerboard sort of plan: in space, its lines can theoretically be extended to infinity; and in time it is just as suitable to the development of a town to-day as was Hippodamus's design for the Piræus some two millenniums ago. The simplicity of the checkerboard-design is beyond dispute, and it is perhaps for this reason, and for the fact that it has a certain exactitude not always found in crude human nature, that it has been a favourite layout with social reformers from William Penn down to Robert Owen.

What on earth can possibly be wrong with a method which combines so many excellences—simplicity, intelligibility, order? The answer, it seems to us, is that the world was not built exactly on lines that can be set off by a T square and a triangle. First of all, there are dreadful irregularities in the terrain, due to ancient geological processes; and if your city surveyor puts rectangular blocks and straight avenues in hilly cities like Pittsburgh or San Francisco, you must either give a good round sum to the paving contractor to get the bumps levelled, or you and your children will have to waste a precious lot of energy traversing the hills along the lines of steepest ascent. Secondly, even if the city is level, a uniform network of streets is extravagant for the reason that, just as the contour of the land changes, so the needs of the people who live on it vary; and a checkerboard-plan, which makes residential streets as wide as business streets, and residential blocks as deep as blocks devoted to manufacture, is not merely wasteful of good paving stone, but, far worse, reduces the available building-area, and thus increases the ground rent of a desirable locality.

The natural diversities of site and the variety of human needs and the unpredictability of the next generation's demands make the checkerboard-plan, according to a growing consensus of opinion among architects and town-planners, a costly and inefficient and devitalizing

way of laying out cities. Hence the modern town-planner in America is turning back to the old-fashioned New England town, even as the European, following Dr. Camillo Sitte is re-appraising the mediæval town, in order to obtain guidance in the way of helping a town to grow to comely proportions without throwing it into a Procrustean bed.

Here our exposition ceases; but is it altogether brash of us to suggest that the political programmes for making the community a decent society to belong to, possess the apparent virtues and real defects of the wholesale, checkerboard-plan of laying out cities? Are not the people who advocate national divorce-laws, or who favour governmental control and operation of industry, or who have one or another line they would like to see everybody toe—are they not something like the blunt, self-confident surveyors who sat in their offices throughout the last century, and without exercising the imagination of a mole made the rural community live in quarter sections and the urban community in grid-irons? Let us emphasize that the alternative is not between lawlessness and judicial regulation, or between planning and muddling through. The real choice is between external regulation and self-regulation, between that organic planning which takes into account all the peculiarities of a situation, and which goes ahead as far as it can see (and not one step farther), and the planning in which all the habits and aptitudes of the community are subordinated to the assumed omnipotence of the planner, whose real weakness is compensated by the brusque policeman and the ambitious soldier. To know where one stands between these choices is, it seems to us, to have the beginnings of a social philosophy.

AN HOUR WITH THE FACE.

(Translated from the French by James Whitall.)

THE first beautiful evening has encamped itself in the garden, and has placed beams of light as sentinels at each window of the house. If one went to the window, it would be like one's big, yellow-haired sister—blue eyes and pink cheeks against the sun. But one couldn't go to the window; one couldn't move—not even lift a finger! The clock on the chimney piece said five past five. Monsieur Marcatte was five minutes late, and that was a good sign. What if he were going to forget to come for the lesson again? Or if he didn't come till half-past? Then there would be only a half-hour's singing-lesson. The main thing was to keep perfectly still. The slightest movement might bring him; much better to let fate take its course; a thread would be sure to break somewhere if he moved. To sit still in the chair facing the chimney piece, and to say nothing—that was the best plan—as still as the open piano, and the closed book on the rack, with a picture on its cover of Mozart as a boy, tuning his violin.

Seven minutes past five. . . . Oh, faster, Time, faster! Ten little thoughts hang themselves on to the big hand and try to make it follow more quickly after its little sister waiting for it at the bottom, between V and VI. The blue eyes, the pink cheeks and the yellow hair vanish from the window; the cold evening sky makes pools of white light in the mirrors and on the glass doors and polished wood of the furniture. And a little boy sits in a chair waiting for his singing master. (A loud crack in one of the cupboards.)

He'll ring now. Only half a minute to get ready for him, and to send away all those coaxing thoughts. . . . Quarter past. Now the wide angle is narrow and the big hand ought to go down faster, for it's leaning more. Surely it would have to go faster (did the man who made the clock think about that? or was there some kind of brake inside that made it go down just as slowly as it went up the other side of VI?). He might come at any moment now; a quarter of an hour late is nothing; twenty minutes is a more serious matter, and the chances of a whole hour of freedom are better. It's like crossing from Pornic to Noirmoutiers: five o'clock is the bank that has disappeared, half-past will be the open sea, where the white sunbeams are shattered into tiny bits upon the black glassy heaving surface while one tries to decide exactly when

one is half-way across. A free hour, perhaps . . . but an empty one, no playing. The main thing is to keep perfectly still. The slightest movement might capsize the boat in which a little boy is paddling with all his might across the ocean of Time, between five and six o'clock.

Luckily, when one is bored, there is the Face. It's easy to find if one knows, but children are the only ones who know. They alone have seen the Face among the veins of the marble chimney piece: a thin, smooth-shaven Face, youthful and grave, with thoughtful eyes and a narrow forehead half hidden beneath a wreath of green foliage. Its little black mouth is half open, perhaps wider than the last time. What if it had a voice and were going to speak! It would have an unbelievably tiny one, a *marble voice* without doubt. No, it isn't speaking.

"Face, we understand each other without words. I've kept your secret, Fairy Prince; I haven't told anyone that there's a Face among the veins of the chimney piece. And I've kept the grown-ups from looking for you." (But fortunately grown-ups haven't the power to see anything like that.)

"Beautiful Face, when will the spell that binds you be broken? To-morrow, or in a month, perhaps; or even in a year. It will be at night, surely. Your time will be up; you will disappear from the chimney piece, and the next day, instead of the Face there will be nothing but the deep green of the marble with its golden veins . . . the writing that men have never learned to read."

"Meanwhile, Face, come and sit in my little boat" . . . Somebody rang! The door is going to open, and Monsieur Marcatte and his *sol, fa, si* will come in; a smell of tobacco, wrinkled hands; thick curved finger nails, quite yellow from cigarettes. All the little thoughts run for cover. The Face sinks out of sight behind the veins of the marble, and the boat is on the point of upsetting. . . . False alarm! It was some one ringing at the tradesmen's door.

"Oh, Face, do come back! We'll go together for a walk in the woods." (Isn't it funny to be able to pretend that one is in the woods when one is really in the house, sitting in a chair; that's worth thinking about and ought to be puzzled out. But it's much more fun to follow forest paths. Little thoughts come that way, like bees buzzing at the door of the hive; they find it closed, and they dart off again towards the flowers.) A little ship built of thoughts sets sail for the country known as the woods, carrying the leaf-crowned Face in a precious casket fashioned of thoughts.

The ship arrives; one asks to be admitted to the leafy harbour, and, pushing aside the first branches, one plunges into the green darkness that is pierced by a single beam. The path of a thousand secrets leads across a road edged by low trees whose branches form a perfect leafy arch overhead. Above the leaves there is a blue road to match the pink wood-road, and that is the road of the sky. Nothing moves up there in the bright stillness, except the pale green foliage of the little aspen that trembles unaccountably in the sunlight . . . or perhaps it's making signs to some one? Once again a plunge into the dark green tunnel, where the dry earth under the warm grass has faithfully preserved some old wheel-tracks from a day long past when the trees had been cut and the slope of the hill could be seen. Then quite suddenly the path opens out into a grove of pines, the Imperial Guard of the wood, tall and motionless with their banners and pennons of red and gold.

But here is the path one has never dared to follow to its end, the one that crosses, at its darkest turning, a nameless and nearly forgotten stream. The brown water of this stream flows sluggishly beneath a low roof of interlacing branches which is dismally mirrored upon its surface. Then the path crosses another one that probably leads to the *Chemin de l'Orvet*, but it is overgrown with long thorny creepers. Just a bit farther and one may look down into a glade peopled by horrible giant thistles; still farther, there is a meadow with a pond in which two laundry-benches are standing. And then another grove of lofty trees where a great melancholy bird lives in solitude; when it takes sudden wing upon the approach of strangers, there is a sound like that of a cupboard door being pulled open. A little farther on is the spot where a box with a grating in it was seen beside a wolf-trap, and on looking closely through the grating one had seen a grey cat with baby-blue eyes walking to and fro.

All of a sudden the border of the wood is reached, at the bank of a wide stream. Beyond, there are fields lying in the sun, and to the right, in the fold of the hill, a bit of the roof of the house can be seen. The path widens as it descends to the water's edge, and one last low-hanging branch seeks to detain us, but we cross the wooden foot-bridge and the Kingdom of the Trees is behind us.

"Face! O beautiful Face! Let's make another journey together before the moment of deliverance; we'll journey to the sunset country. Look! The sky above the garden is blue and gold, like the map of another world . . ."

Ten minutes to six . . . saved! Monsieur Marcatte will not come. No reason not to move now; one can get out of the boat, and wink ever so slightly at the Face in the chimney piece with its mouth half-open in astonishment and a look of sadness in its eyes; the boat of dreams may come to anchor at last in the harbour, safe from the dark perils of the sea. A swallow smooths its plumage after the shower.

But in the depths of the marble, the Face is still awaiting the end of its enchantment; when I am twenty years old it will still be waiting. And in their turn the children who come after me will discover it in the veins of the chimney piece.

VALÉRY LARBAUD.

FRENCH CANADA: AN ANOMALY.

(With some observations on bi-lingualism in other parts of the world.)

THE diversity that gives colour to life is rapidly disappearing from this country. From one end of the United States to the other, one hears a language which, with only minor variations in vocabulary and inflection, is essentially the same; one sees men and women, except in the very smallest out-of-the-way hamlets, clad in garments of the same cut and with the same attempt at swagger; and one reads identical news-items and cartoons fed to millions of readers by tirelessly monotonous syndicated press-associations. Whether one be in New York or in Wichita Falls, Texas; in Baltimore, Maryland, or in Baltimore, Ohio; one feels everywhere this identicalness of thought and action, where it is not an identicalness of inaction and absence of thought.

It is undoubtedly for this reason that Americans who have been at all able to afford such diversions have always sought the much-needed spice of life in Europe. In Europe, not only are the distances from country to country, from language to language, from national ethos to national ethos, comparatively negligible (one can travel from London to Constantinople in the time that is required to go from Washington to San Francisco), but there are separate countries within whose very restricted areas two, or even three, languages are spoken and two or three correspondingly variant cultures develop side by side. From Brussels to Malines is but a half-hour by train; yet the two cities are almost as different as are Marseilles and Amsterdam. Brussels, thoroughly French, boasts of being a second Paris; Malines, totally Flemish, is its true self under its Flemish name of Mechelen. In Antwerp, where Flemish predominates, but where French and even English pass current, I have been able to make myself understood by a street-car conductor who spoke neither French nor English by stammering a few words of Yiddish! In Ghent, where the movement for Flemish emancipation from the French yoke imposed by Brussels is at its peak, my French has been met with stony glares and I have had to resort to an intentionally broken German to obtain what I desired. Such multi-lingualism (and all that has just been said applies, of course, equally well to Switzerland and other similar countries) lends a tone to Belgian life that is only exceptionally to be found in North America.

Exceptions are, however, to be found on this continent. In the United States, it is to the South and South-west that we must turn for oases of such exoticisms as bi-lingualism and dual culture. We may, for our present purposes, omit any consideration of the North American Indians and of the emancipated Negroes. The former, intensely interesting where traces of them are to be found, are so swiftly becom-

ing extinct as to have become almost part of the domain of the archaeologist; the latter, on the other hand, are so rapidly becoming thoroughly Americanized as to have become part and parcel of the domain of the sociologist and the economist. For those interested in the phenomenon of the co-existence of separate cultures, it is cities like San Antonio and Austin, on the one hand, and New Orleans on the other, that stand out prominently above the dead level of the overwhelming majority of cities in the United States. In New Orleans, the evidences of the still persisting, though now slowly disintegrating, French civilization serve to gladden the heart of the one who seeks unity in multiplicity as well as in unity; whilst in many of the smaller towns of Louisiana, one is almost as deeply immersed in France as though one were in Picardy or Provence. In Texas, from the Mexican border to the Oklahoma State line, the drabness is relieved by touches of Latin-American life that range from the utter but at times picturesque squalor of the hovels that serve as habitations, to the riot of colour characteristic of the raiment and the uniforms of their squalidly living inmates. In one of the public squares of Austin, of a Friday evening, a Mexican musical organization renders Mexican compositions while the entire Mexican population—lounging men in jeans and broad-brimmed straw hats, gaudily-clad, amazingly fat women and girls, and jabbering children—promenades in true Latin excitement and excitability, all chattering their Spanish as though they had never heard of the existence of the United States; and an American who enters the square, by chance or by design, is soon made to feel decidedly out of place. Perhaps the nearest approach, in this country, to such a scene is that offered to the eye by any street in the lower East Side of New York on a Saturday night; with this cardinal distinction, that the people who calmly converse or roundly berate one another in the prolix Yiddish of the denizens of a Delancey Street eventually become (where they are not already) citizens of the United States and engage actively in the conduct of its Government, whereas the Mexican element of the population of the large Texas cities is, and probably will always remain, a thing apart.

Far and away the most interesting instance of the phenomenon of independent cultures existing side by side on the North American continent is that presented by French Canada. Here, in the very heart of one of the most powerful of the dominions of the British Empire, there flourishes a civilization not only un-British but, for the most part, so strongly anti-British as to prove at once a problem and an anomaly. The line of demarcation between the Saxon and the Celtic natures is here sharply drawn and, somewhat unconsciously perhaps, steadfastly maintained. The hostility between the two civilizations, growing out of cultural and sociological differences, often manifests itself in actual scenes of violence. The English inhabitants of French Canada, as members of the governing race, are conscious of their superiority and do not hesitate to proclaim it. The tone in which an English or Scots Canadian speaks of a French Canadian is strongly reminiscent of that used by the American Southerner in his references to the Negro. The French, on the other hand, as descendants either of Champlain, La Salle, and the other dauntless explorers who were the first to settle Canadian soil, or of much more recent immigrants from France, refuse to accept the brand of inferiority and are almost as self-assertive as those recalcitrant British subjects on the other side of the Irish Sea. With such strongholds as the Catholic Church and a powerful press that penetrates into the

remotest villages of French Canada, the French experience little difficulty in maintaining their identity virtually intact. Education in Canada being exclusively a function of the Church, the French send their children to the Catholic parochial schools, where they are taught in French by priests and nuns who are often themselves natives of France and inspire in their pupils an ardent love for all that is French and Catholic and a corresponding detestation of all that is Episcopalian and English. Inter-marriage between the dominant and subject races is not frequent, but when they do occur (as is the case amongst the lower middle class and the labouring class) the tone of the household seems to be imposed by the husband. Thus, in two instances that have chanced to come to my attention, the situations were exactly reversed: in the one, an Englishman had married a woman of French extraction, with the consequence that the language of the household was English while the sympathies of the children were decidedly British, so much so that, though they could speak French, and even fluently, they were highly reluctant to do so; in the other, a Frenchman of the interior of the province of Quebec had taken to wife a woman of Scots descent, the result here being that the children were given a Catholic education and were reared in total ignorance of the English language. That such a situation might easily lead to conflicts may be readily imagined, and the wonder is only that these conflicts are apparently so few.

The province of Quebec, which contains most of the French inhabitants of Canada, stands in virtually the same relation to the province of Ontario as does Paris to Boston and, to a much lesser extent, to London. The "local option" that has prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors in the city of Toronto (English in name but American in nature) has made of Montreal a veritable oasis for spirits-seeking Americans. In other respects, too, Montreal, though it contains a considerable element of English-speaking residents, is impregnated with the "*esprit gaulois*." There is a freedom in the very atmosphere here that contrasts very sharply with the Puritanism that has become the outward guise of so many American cities. The large French quarter of the city is governed by that lackadaisical code of morals that sets the cities of Continental Europe so boldly in relief against those of the Anglo-Saxon world and gives them the bubbling "verve" that has always distinguished the Latin races from all others. The small Chinese quarter of Montreal is said to be more vicious than any other similar district in the New World, not even excluding that of San Francisco; and a walk at night through its two or three blocks makes one willing to accept this judgment. Over all this moral laxity, exactly as in Continental cities, stand, as though smiling indulgently at the foibles of men, even if not affixing to them their stamp of approval, the countless Catholic structures—cathedrals, churches, schools, convents, monasteries, and eleemosynary institutions—that give the finishing touch to the Old World air that is all but actually tangible in Montreal.

Naturally enough, this meeting of the Old World with the New sometimes results in fusions that are more or less grotesque. Thus, the thrall of advertising having fastened upon this sister-country to the United States, the billboards are covered with blatant *pronunciamientos* in French as to the superiority of one or another make of automobile or brand of cigar; and the cards in the street-cars, likewise in French, proclaim the merits of American safety-razors and athletic underwear. Perhaps the most striking of such adver-

tisements is one calling upon all who read straightway to acquaint themselves with a beverage that is heralded as the finest of "*boissons douces*"—a literal rendition of the American "soft drinks" that has not yet made its way into the dictionary of the French in France, where any but "hard" drinks are deemed unworthy of being imbibed. Another Americanism, of a somewhat different nature, is to be read on the windows of certain shops where articles are bought and sold "*de seconde main*"; the provenience of the substitution of this expression for the pure French "*d'occasion*" to mean "at second hand" is, of course, self-evident.

In Montreal, one can still feel and hear that one is in Great Britain. As soon, however, as one boards the train for Quebec, some hundred and seventy-five miles east and north, one begins to surrender to the illusion that one has suddenly passed out of England and into France. The small wayside stations bear such Gallic names as Terrebonne, Louiseville, Saint-Malo; the conversation in the coaches is carried on almost exclusively in French; and the conductor, when he comes through to collect tickets, will reply to questions couched in French, in a French beside which his English sounds artificial and laboured; and then, when this same conductor puts his head through the doorway and calls out: "*Prochaine station, Trois Rivières*—next station, Three Rivers," one descends from the train with the interesting feeling that one has been borne, as though by magic, into one of the smaller cities in the interior of France.

Trois Rivières (or Three Rivers, according as you are French or English) is a peaceful town that bears some superficial resemblances to a French city like, say, Mâcon. It is handsomely situated on a bluff overlooking the St. Lawrence, which at this point recalls the Saône at Mâcon; and just as the Mâconnais long ago took advantage of their beautiful river to lay out a public square along its left bank, so the township of Trois Rivières has embellished itself by putting down, on the bluff above the St. Lawrence, a broad promenade, the landward side of which is pleasingly bordered by massive shade-trees, behind which dainty residences screen themselves. Like Montreal and Quebec, Trois Rivières has its quota of Catholic institutions, its streets graced with the names of saints old and new, and its rows of one-story gable-topped houses, their thresholds flush with the sidewalk. And here French is so universally spoken that several young men and women indulging in a game of tennis behind one of the larger houses and calling the score in English seem to be strangers who have by accident strayed into the wrong country.

The illusion of being on French rather than on British soil is strengthened and completed in Quebec. This sublimated fortress, so magnificently situated at the point at which the St. Charles River flows into the St. Lawrence, and dropping precipitately from the cliff from which it overlooks the latter to the Plains of Abraham through which the former winds its meandering career, is French from the crown of its head, as it were, to the soles of its feet. How far away seem Toronto and Ottawa in this city that so proudly proclaims to the world the fact of its having been founded by the venturesome Champlain as long ago as 1608! For a brief moment, the Union Jack that waves from the flagstaff above the citadel which crowns the cliff seems an hallucination, and it is only by an effort of the will that one comes to the realization that the symbol of British sway is in its proper place and that Quebec is part of Great Britain, not of Brittany or of Aquitania.

In Quebec, the French that one hears bears approximately the same relation to Parisian French as does any one of the numerous dialects spoken in the so-called French "provinces." These dialectical differences seem most marked in the pronunciation of vowels and vowel-combinations. Thus, the word "*théâtre*" receives in the mouth of an inhabitant of Quebec a pronunciation somewhat approaching "theawtre." The "ai," likewise, differs from its Parisian counterpart, receiving a sound resembling that of the "ay" in the French name "*Bayard*"; so that a native of Quebec might say: "*Je le feray*" (*ferais*), *si j'étais (étais) seul, mais tout le monde me connay (connaît) ici.*" Then, of course, there are the numerous colloquialisms and provincialisms which lend colour to all widely-spoken languages and make Canadian French a subject of interest to philologists and linguists generally. But all these peculiarities make it increasingly difficult for the stranger to comprehend that he is not in France; and the occasional signs of British rule in Quebec and the even less occasional sounds of the English tongue seem almost a jarring note in the ensemble. It is not until the train has crossed the fine bridge that spans the St. Lawrence below Montreal and has passed over the border into the United States that the visiting American is willing to concede that he has just come from Canada and not from Normandy.

AARON SCHAFFER.

COLLEGE EDUCATION: AN INQUEST.

V

DURING the academic ferment of the past few years no scheme has received more attention than the proposal to transfer the power of college government from the president and trustees to the faculty. There is something attractive about the idea. It savours of democracy. It is supported by example and analogy. It offers some relief from an excess of lay interference with educational matters. It has the support of many experienced teachers and has invited the condemnation of those whose praise would mean something else than praise. It therefore deserves the careful consideration of those who are taking stock of educational affairs.

Much can be said in defence of faculty-government. Is it not democratic? Is it not in keeping with the Anglo-Saxon tradition that men should be governed and judged by their peers? Lawyers and doctors formulate the ethics of their profession and assist in applying the rules in practice. Would lawyers allow a score of merchants, bankers, clergymen, and brokers to sit in judgment on one of their colleagues and close for him the avenues of advancement and prosperity by disbarring him? Even the bricklayer has a place to lay his head, for the boss can not oust him from his job without hearing from the Brotherhood of Bricklayers.

When doctors are sued for malpractice, their fate is usually decided by the testimony of their professional brethren. Why, therefore, should a college professor who has given ten or twenty years of his life to the preparation for his calling and the pursuit of it, be ousted, often without notice or hearing, on the motion and judgment of men who know little or nothing of the niceties of the academic world? No one is more helpless in the world of affairs, as a rule, than a man who has devoted himself for a quarter of a century to a life within the kingdom of books. When he is expelled he loses, as a rule, not only his pension, but likewise the possibility of employment elsewhere. It is not often that a college board of trustees will engage a pro-

fessor who has been ousted from a position in another institution. These, and many other reasons, give point to the demand that academic sovereignty be transferred to the faculty.

Beside these arguments, there is the example of Europe. For so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the colleges of Oxford have been administered by academic persons. Oxford has managed to thrive and attain considerable academic distinction without having the assistance of a body of lay trustees. When a new master or rector is to be elected head of a college, it is the brethren of the institution who do the choosing, not a fine group of cotton-spinners from Manchester, soap-boilers from Port Sunlight, and bankers from the City. This ancient custom seems so natural to the English that they are astounded when they hear of American practices in such matters. Nothing appears more reasonable than the idea that the fellows and tutors who do the teaching should choose the officer who is to serve as their head and guide. Of course there have been times when outside pressure has been placed on the college authorities to force the election of some special person, but nothing of the kind has been heard of in recent years. Every one knows what a stir King James II made when he attempted to dominate the fellows of Magdalen College. Some of the elections have been marked by rather sordid politics; there are many instances of persons of no talent and little honour being chosen, but nearly all such scandals belong to an age that is gone. The heads of the Oxford houses, whatever charges of pedantry may be brought against them, are nearly always gentlemen and they are frequently scholars of high standing. It is easy to call to mind a number of American college presidents who could not in any circumstances be elected to an academic position in Oxford, Paris, or Berlin.

Nevertheless, when all is said that can be said for the European system, there is something for the other side of the ledger. It is true that a few original thinkers have won academic honours under government by academicians, but the overwhelming mass of Oxford rectors, masters, fellows, and tutors have been mere systematists, compilers, annotators, editors, and translators. For every Oxford fellow who has added an idea to the world's stock or made the slightest stir in the currents of world-opinion, there have been a hundred whose crowning ambition did not go beyond a new edition of Pliny's letters. The more daring attack Juvenal or Petronius, but the timid stay close to the shore. An Oxford don was once asked whether it would not have been better for him to be a Christian than to spend twenty years annotating Job. He was astonished at the frivolity of the question.

Perhaps it was impertinent as well as irrelevant. Let anyone interested in ideas rather than degrees take the catalogue of the books from the pens of Oxford dons and see how many of the works that constitute England's intellectual glory have been written by the gentlemen on the Thames and Cherwell who elected themselves and their masters.

If, therefore, we fix our attention on what is supposed to be the main business of a college rather than on comfort, tenure, pensions, and security, we shall be compelled to admit that academic self-government has not, at least, set the world on fire. It will be well to remember Macaulay's bitter words touching an ancient quarrel: "It is scarcely necessary to say that, in this hot competition of bigots and slaves, the University of Oxford had the unquestioned pre-eminence. The glory of being further behind the age than any other portion

of the British people is one which that body early acquired and has never lost."

Perhaps this is too strong as applied to the times of which Macaulay was writing. It may not be so true now as in 1835. Still it is well to remember that more than once the English Parliament has been forced to institute an inquiry into the status of learning and has brought about undoubted improvements by exercising pressure on the endowed establishments. No person who fondly believes that a college might possibly do something for the advancement of learning, will be under any delusion, after studying English experience, about the notion that faculty government has any connexion with wisdom, understanding, or intelligent inquiry. It is no more related to such things than is government by weary business men under the tutelage of an academic politician. Neither process of selection and guidance has any relation to thought except to block its way. Neither process can stimulate thought, create it, or set it in motion. Both have to do with the distribution of material goods, and the comfort and convenience of distributors and distributees. When that plain truth is once out of the way, the air is cleared for meditation on the forces which foster and draw forth the creative energies of a nation.

Still, it may be worth while to examine a little more narrowly the idea of faculty government. If the records are straight, it has nowhere been tried in the United States. For that reason one must resort to constructive imagination in an effort to foresee its possible working. Those who have proposed and advocated it have nowhere given us an exact picture of their new Utopia. Would the proponents of the doctrine have all the members of a great university faculty—five or six hundred in number—take part in electing the president and in choosing every new tutor, instructor, assistant, or clerk? In the election of the president would every member of the teaching-force from the professor on the verge of the Carnegie pension to the tutor appointed for a year, take part in the voting? Or would the franchise be limited to full professors or those of professorial rank? It would be diverting to watch a constituent assembly of university professors working out a constitution of self-government and doing high justice to the younger men. It would be equally diverting to see a majority of younger men disposing of the lives and sacred honour of gentlemen who lost their usefulness a generation ago.

The election of new members of the teaching-force under the plan of faculty government would raise even more perplexing problems. Would the chemists take part in electing the tutors and professors in Germanic philology? Would the professors of Greek have a hand in choosing the new incumbent for the chair of radio chemistry? Presumably, each division would have power of life and death in its domain. But in practice would that not tend to make more acute than ever the drift towards specialization which is disrupting education as a synthetic force in the nation?

We need not say that these problems are insoluble, but certainly it must be admitted that they present administrative and educational questions of the most perplexing character. Not until some proponent of faculty government has given us a detailed scheme for the new academic constitution can the idea be intelligently considered. It would be rash to commit oneself to a principle which in practice might present insuperable difficulties. Faculty participation in government is one thing; faculty sovereignty is another.

When all the problems of internal government have been settled, there yet remains the problem of raising

money. Money must be got from the rich or from the legislature, for the American student has been so pauperized by private charity and State aid that the idea of making the beneficiaries of education pay for any considerable part of it would start a riot in any institution of learning. Indeed, even now, when students' fees do not pay one-third or one-fifth of the cost of instruction, every slight increase in charges is regarded by the student body as a direct insult. So, provision for raising money must be made by the self-determined academic body. Some one must dicker and trade with the State legislature or go, hat in hand, to the mansions of the rich; and it takes a peculiar kind of person to do that job. A modest, busy, zealous scholar who hates with holy zeal (as he should), everything that takes a minute of his time from his study or laboratory can not possibly raise money. It takes an insurance agent's self-possession, seasoned by proper contempt for those who insult him, to beg money from a public treasury or a private purse. Our academic empire must have money or perish and it must elect some one to get it. If that person succeeds he will inevitably become one of the supreme masters of the business. If he fails, the ship goes down.

There is only one kind of institution in which faculty government could possibly succeed. That is a privately endowed college in the hands of a few teachers bent upon enlarging the power of the spirit and willing to suffer under the handicap of a fixed income from securities already in the strong box. Perhaps the handicap is an illusion. It would be interesting to have it tested by experience. It is now assumed that the glory of a college finds expression in more buildings, more books, more laboratories, more instructors and more students. To question this holy truth is heresy and treason. But it ought to be questioned. If a few men in possession of a moderate endowment would decide to build no more buildings and to make no expansion in the curriculum, but to devote all their energies and talents to making one free home for the immeasurable and the imponderable, a great miracle might be wrought. It would be interesting to see the experiment tried; but it will not be tried. Forget it!

The dangers of academic government are the dangers of any other kind of government, namely: mean, dirty, personal politics. No one acquainted with the history of thought imagines for a minute that democracy is more favourable to liberty than any other system. It is not the number who vote that makes for liberty, but, as the wise founders of American government saw, a diversity of interests that prevents any one of them from mastering the rest. Oxford had government by professionals all through the tempestuous years from the Petition of Right to the Reform Bill of 1884. Can anyone recall a single occasion when liberty found its home in Oxford? Oxford erects monuments to its Shelleys—safely, half a century after they have been expelled.

No, we must not be deceived. A great deal can be said for professional participation in government, but unlimited professional sovereignty is dangerous to liberty, inaccessible to new ideas, insensible to fresh currents of opinion. Legislation by brokers and bank-presidents and administration by a selling-agent have their drawbacks. So does government by the cloistered adept. Education, to be a living power, must be a part of the stream of reality. How can that connexion be best maintained? Therein lies the problem of college government. Perhaps, after all, the trappings of government are mere forms. Perhaps it is the spirit that quickeneth. Perhaps it is the stale and flat academic

imagination that has brought us to our present plight—not trustees, presidents, deans, and bell-boys. Certainly, when the great days of professorial government arrive, all the problems of intellectual achievement will remain.

SOMNIA VANA.

THE DÉNOUEMENT OF NIHILISM.

SIX months of vagrancy in New England, New York and the South, during which time I have been up and down and in and out among the castes and groups that constitute American society in these latter days, has given me a strong impression of a general mood of moral defeatism, afflicting liberals, radicals and Tories alike, skilled and unskilled labour, farmers and merchants, technicians and *rentiers*, even the hitherto "hard-boiled" and optimistic captain of industry.

In many cases, to be sure, the realization that we have entered an era of moral nihilism is not yet sharp and articulate. The small fry of the financial group continue to play golf and "keep smiling," as they impatiently await a restoration of the old order, with its dispensation of power for the ruling classes, security for the middle classes and poverty for the working classes. A few liberals continue to sit amid the ruins contemplating the navel of their good will, or offering their Sibylline books of industrial research to a disillusioned world. But, certainly, at the social and political extremes it is recognized that all bets are off, that the morals which hitherto have been supposed to govern human relationships are bankrupt. The unskilled workers, who, a year ago, believed that the social revolution was at hand, are to-day scrambling for bread and saying to one another: "It's dog eat dog now, Buddie." The unskilled idlers, drunk on a domestic brand of Nietzscheanism, whoop to each other to eat, drink and be merry at the wake of civilization. Others croak of the imminent burial and announce that our late, lamented white civilization has died childless and intestate. Only a few liberals and the middle-class business men cherish a desperate hope—the former praying for a miraculous raising of the dead by some league of nations or other, the latter urging the corpse to speak in just one more golden dividend.

These three years following the close of the war, which were to have brought us through a glorious period of reconstruction to the threshold of the millennium, have ended in a state of unparalleled moral bankruptcy. Liberalism, conservatism and revolutionary socialism are felt to have declared their insolvency; liberalism, at Versailles and St. Germain; socialism or communism in the compromises of the Soviet Government with "capitalist" economics; conservatism, with its whispering of an international *saute qui peut* in the star-chamber of the Washington conference. A year ago men would debate the issues between these moribund three with angry intolerance; but, to-day, only the most ingenuous can be stirred to defend the political potentiality of any one of them. Everywhere a cynical despair of moral effort has succeeded the mood of sectarian intransigence. "The Younger Generation," afflicted with a sort of moral locomotor ataxia, is expressing its disgust of civilization in tragic antics that it seeks to pass off for spontaneous clowning. For the generation that was unfortunate enough to have been born in the late 'eighties, the stroke of universal cynicism has resulted in a complete paralysis of the will. If any initiative remains to them, they emigrate to Europe or the South Sea Islands, or crawl off into some quiet corner of the United States—but most of them continue where they were stricken in a state of living death.

Paradoxically, it is these most hopeless ones who, it seems to me, offer the greatest hope. Resigning themselves to the disease of moral nihilism, they have rapidly reached its crisis, which, from the several cases I have observed, may be described either as a kind of madness or as a new variety of religious experience. I have recently been talking with one of these disillusioned persons—a young man of thirty-five, whose emotional experiences of the last three years are representative and, perhaps, indi-

cative. He told me how he had been mired in this moral defeatism when he returned a much decorated victor from active participation in the war. He had made fruitless attempts to postpone the attack by inflaming himself with revolutionary ardour, by taking the fashionable specific of *jemenfoutisme*, by rallying a will to personal aggrandizement that had been lively enough before his war-experience. For a time he had teetered between the I. W. W. and the Roman Catholic Communion; but before he could sign a red card or accept ghostly consolation from a Paulist Father, he had subsided into a state of complete moral apathy. He had flirted with the idea of setting off for the South Sea Islands, of course, but again his initiative was so weak that this impulse to escape flickered out in a consideration of ways and means. It got him only so far from his native New York as a hut in the Berkshire Hills, where this former railway-executive and lieutenant-colonel of infantry has now become a recluse. Here he busied himself planting an apple-orchard and tending a small flock of sheep. Manual work out of doors has palliated his despair, but he still continues to brood on the moral collapse of civilization which, in a general and philosophic, as well as in a personal and intimate way, has inflicted almost mortal injury on his will.

During the last six months I have met with other similar cases in which the principle of salvation has been a sort of religious mirth, which I have seen described somewhere as "the laughing synthesis." From the climax of this, soaring on the wings of a silent and unearthly laughter, from some incalculable height of the emotions, the highest aspirations and the deepest despair appear in a pigmy grotesqueness. The colonel in the Berkshire Hills, for example, assured me that it was as if the sudden realization that mankind has been the victim of a huge, practical joke came to him in a peal of all-forgiving laughter. I was a little disturbed when he went on to predict another world-redeemer, but his conception of this new messiah was rather sympathetic and humorous—he is to be a gentle and ribald spirit half Jesus, half Rabelais, or a cross between Buddha and Silenus, resolving our human difficulties in a marriage of the tragic and the comic spirits, an amoral synthesis of mystic love and laughter.

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

THE SCANDALOUS HISTORY OF A LEGACY.

SIRS: When the final volume of the published portion of the Goncourt Journal appeared in 1896, a little Parisian journalist named Leroy wrote in his newspaper, *L'Evenement*:

At last, thank God, the Journal of the Goncourts, which has appeared year after year with a nightmare persistence, is over and done with. Only those can appreciate what a Calvary it has been who have climbed through nine volumes for the pleasure of assisting at the Transfiguration, Ascension and Beatification of M. Edmond de Goncourt. God grant that there be no Resurrection!

Thus the little journalist, whom no one had ever heard of before, and who has never been heard of since, echoed with a sigh the relief of many French men of letters some of whom are still alive. But the malicious Edmond de Goncourt, who was very much alive in 1896, chuckled like the Ghost of Hamlet's Father under the boards, when he read the little journalist's diatribe and inscribed on one of the last pages of his *unpublished* Journal this diabolic note:

Rail on, my good man! You will have our Resurrection whether you like it or not. In twenty years' time we will take our revenge, thanks to our executors, thanks to the Goncourt Academy, which will publish our Journal in its integrity. He who laughs last, etc.

And that, as Kipling said, is how it all began.

"It" is the great controversy now raging around the Goncourts, those two brilliant and unhappy incendiaries who, having kindled so many controversies during their

lifetime, have just succeeded in igniting from their own ashes, a last and sensational conflagration. Every one knows the history of the two brothers, how they produced innumerable novels, plays, social histories, etc., always under the double signature, so that the fiery talent of the aggressive Edmond can almost never be distinguished from the craftsmanship of the subtle and sickly Jules. When Edmond followed his younger brother to the ironic shades he founded an academy, in distinction to that originated by the Cardinal de Richelieu, and graced in our day by the presence of Marshal Joffre and M. Clemenceau, on the basis that it should be open only to men of letters who really possessed some valid talent. This academy should never exceed the number of ten members, and it should be, in a way, the spiritual heir of the Goncourt tradition in the art of the novel. At the same time the dying novelist left a fund to be awarded annually to the writer of a work of fiction judged by a majority of the Ten to be the best novel of the year.

The Goncourt Academy continued to live more or less happily and has had many children. Both Huysmans and Octave Mirbeau were members. Unfortunately, the conditions attending an election to the group, especially those attending the award of the annual prize, could not be kept wholly free from the flunkysm which is usually inseparable from these little arrangements. The yearly contest is carried on, too often in a fashion of which this little programme is not too utterly an exaggeration:

Before the Award:

Above all write a book which shall not be too readable.
If you seek Descaves's vote write something realistic.
If you seek Daudet's write something that says absolutely nothing at all.
Don't forget to dedicate your book to Geoffroy. He has two votes.

During the Award:

Don't run up bills in your neighbourhood on the ground that you expect shortly to receive 5000 francs.
Don't grease the palm of the waiter in order to learn the result.
Rent the room next door and listen at the keyhole.

After the Award:

Call immediately on Madame Rachilde.
Inscribe yourself for the Prize Femina-Vie Heureuse.
Write an article proving that the Ten are absolutely imbecile.
Don't lose a chance to disparage the winner.
Try again next year.

It should be noted, in passing, that the present ten Immortals include men like Léon Hennique, Henry Céard and Léon Daudet, who were personally well-known to the Goncourts themselves. That is where the trouble began. The two brothers, in addition to their published Diary, so full of malicious gossip, literary atmosphere and real insight, and the delight of two hemispheres, bequeathed to the faithful Ten another and unedited Journal to be published twenty years after their death. That is to say, it falls due for publication this year. It was a solemn trust, a dying man's last wish, to be executed with the same funds on which the ten Immortals had lived, which had substantially assisted them and were destined to assist many others.

One might suppose that the ten inheritors would have awaited with impatience the hour when they might fulfil their dead master's testament. Not at all; not the least in the world. No sooner was the long-deferred project broached than Messrs. Céard, Daudet and Hennique immediately and most imprudently set up an immense howl and pother. They began to protest before they had properly thought the matter over, with the result that the truth and all the truth suddenly slipped out of the bag, which is something that does not happen every day. The Diary, according to them, contained a multitude of insulting and injurious references to the prejudice of many honourable families and persons still living, among whom, sad to say, were to be found in the first rank Messrs. Céard, Daudet and Hennique. In view of this painful circumstance, would it not be better, opined the Ten, to let dead dogs lie, in other words not to publish the Diary at all, or to publish it with the offending portions cut out?

The attitude of the great public, which takes, as a rule, only a very moderate interest in literary controversies of any sort, would ordinarily have been that of the Duke of Wellington: "Publish what you please and be damned!" But partly out of burning curiosity, partly from a sentiment of literary honour, all the other French novelists, playwrights, critics, poets and journalists—no small handful!—protested violently. "What you name injurious references," said they to the Ten, "your benefactors, the Goncourts, call 'disagreeable truths.' Come, out with 'em!'" Then the great public, sniffing from afar the breath of scandal and seeing the rosy promise of "warm bits" disclose, began to take an abnormal interest in the affair, and, like the Roman plebs of ancient days, raised a third howl, louder than all the rest: *Panis et Circenses!*

The Ten reflected. Obviously they had committed a grave blunder in the first place by telling the simple truth, namely: that they could not publish the Journal because it contained allusions that were inconvenient for themselves. It must have been M. Léon Daudet, with his usual elephantine genius in these affairs, who then came forward with the following suggestion. The public had already been told that the Diary was scandalous; the public must now be made to feel that the Diary was just too awful for publication. The austere and delicate talent of M. Edmond de Goncourt (dead, poor man, since they had been living in part on his money) must be represented as having descended to the level of a pornography so abject as to be intolerable in the Paris of the late M. Antonin Dubost and No. 8 rue des Martyrs. So the Ten, through the mouthpiece of the newspapers to which they communicated, began to chant in discreet chorus this new anthem: the Goncourt Journal contains material more licentious than anything to be found in the pages of Petronius, more repugnant than the wildest aberrations of the pleasant Marquis de Sade. No, in the name of Rabelais, Brantome, Tallemant de Reaux, Marguerite de Navarre and Félix Mayol, it can not be!

At this candid admission, the excitement of writers and public together, robbed of their meat, knew no bounds. Thereafter there was only one cry: "Give us the Journal of the Goncourts and all of the Journal!" No protest, however plaintive, on the part of the faithful Ten, was able to assuage that tigerish curiosity. With tears in their eyes, but all in vain, the legatees pictured poor M. Henry Céard sitting up night after night in the ungrateful glooms of the National Library, feverishly tracking down "insulting and injurious references," and ruining his eyesight all to no avail. At the present moment it seems unlikely that the Ten will get away with it, that they will escape their doom.

I have been enabled to see certain portions of the famous Diary, and do here and now reproduce one or two passages relating to personages who were very famous in their day, about two years and ten months ago. Certain allusions to more literary figures, unhappily less known in America, I am compelled to leave untouched. It is a pity. The chaste adventures of M. Jean Lorrain at Nice, for example, we quite burn to reproduce, but . . . *maxima reverentia pueris debetur.*

Many in America may recall the name of M. Raymond Poincaré, who was President of the French Republic at the time when our boys crossed the seas to fight in the great war for justice, liberty, civilization, etc., and who would like so much to be President again. Our country really owes a great deal to M. Poincaré when one comes to think of it, since without M. Poincaré, substantially aided by the Tsar, the Kaiser and one or two others, it is a long chance that there would never have been any war for justice, liberty and the rest of it, and then the lowly American profiteer would never have been exalted and the lowly American soldier would never have been laid six feet underground—to vary a little the sentiment of the *Magnificat*. At all events here is the Goncourt portrait of the worthy ex-President at a tender age:

Tuesday, 31 May, Waldeck brought to see me the young Raymond Pouce (Poincaré). This youth, who last year at my banquet, seemed to possess at least a minimum of prestige,

appeared to-day very much shrunken, as if he were shrouded in his morning-coat. He has a disagreeable personality and voice, with something as it were astringent which renders him antipathetic. He soon left after making me some awkward compliments on 'our History of the Revolution and Empire.'

This little lawyer confuses us with M. Thiers!

After his departure Waldeck outlined a little biography of Pouce which corresponds with my impression of him.

His childhood was passed at S. . . a little village in the Meuse where he was brought up by a severe mother. When he set out each morning for the high school, the maid forced him in all weathers to take an umbrella, saying: 'It is cloudy, Monsieur, you had better take your umbrella.' Or: 'It is fine but will probably turn cloudy; you had better carry it all the same.'

Up to the age of twenty Pouce was a good boy and relied on his umbrella. It was inseparable from his adolescence.

But he employed all his faculties to be, everywhere and at all times, the first in rank, so that his old professor at the high school of Bar-le-Duc would say of him: 'He always wishes to be first at the expense of others.'

For the rest, very laborious. Thanks to which he was also first in his squad, first on his staff, etc.

'Who knows if some day he will not be our first magistrate?' said Waldeck, laughing, and went on to recount a complicated history of Pouce's love affair terminating in a marriage the most legitimate in the world, for the woman whom Pouce was to marry was the same whom he defended in her divorce suit, hence the cruel *mot* of Aibrard:

'Ce garçon a trouvé sa femme dans la chemise d'un dossier.'

A lurid light, as if thrown up like a last flare from the long extinguished furnace of the Marne and the Argonne and the ruined north toward Flanders, seems to us to outline "the shrunken and shrouded" figure of M. Poincaré, about whose head is aureoled in sinister letters: "He always wished to be first at the expense of others."

Then there is our dear old friend Georges Clemenceau, not unknown to the American Hall of Fame at the time of the Wilson era, as the "Grand Old Man of France," the "Old Tiger," etc. At the same time he was called in his own country, *Père la Victoire*, now modified to *Perd la Victoire*. The aged colossus has fallen long since and great was the fall of him. But Edmond de Goncourt knew him back in 1896:

Geoffrey expresses himself to me as disgusted with the manoeuvres employed by Clemenceau to have his legal wife expelled from France, disgusted too with knowing how the radical leader [*sic*] lives less from the circulation of his newspaper, *Justice*, than from the money of Rosa Caro, the dancer, whom he beats black and blue.

It is evident then that the Diary, if published in its entirety, will contain much that is extremely diverting, much that will be of high psychologic interest. It seems unlikely at present that the discomfited Ten will be able to resist the legitimate curiosity of the public. As for the two Goncourts, never in their fairest moments of inspiration did they conceive a romance more ingenious, a comedy more delectable than those which they staged in person during their last years on earth, and posthumously. They were two rich gentlemen of letters, disillusioned, misanthropic and extremely bored. To their academic table d'ôte came to feed all the little hates, the little greeds, the little venoms of an avid and impecunious clique such as exists in all literary societies, and which is in no way embellished when the concept "Fame" is substituted for the concept "Cash." The group surrounding the poet Verlaine, which snubbed Rimbaud as an interloper and pederast, nauseating him with *la vie littéraire* at the age of nineteen is a case in point. For years Edmond de Goncourt, with an attention more passionate than his brother's, watched the little cenacle, digested its flatteries, played on its jealousies, speculated on its careers with the feline and capricious malice of a cat. The only thing that preserves the members of such associations from destroying one another mutually tooth and nail is the fact that ordinarily they live, to an extent, separately and apart. But the diabolic master saw to that little deficiency. By the very terms of his testament the guests of M. de Goncourt's table were compelled to live together in a kind of defensive and offensive league, "marked on the shoulder," as Fouchardiére puts it, "with the red G of the Goncourt livery"; detesting one another and forced to endure one another; detesting most of all the dead master on whose "bounty" they had subsisted; condemned in their

turn to suffer the flatteries and importunities of a host of aspirants to their prizes, to their very shoes, once they were mercifully dead. After that provision, Edmond de Goncourt, worn by years of tedium and disgust of mankind could afford to die. He had done his work.

And now comes the last act of the comedy, the *dénouement*. The dead man is about to issue from his tomb to say a few "disagreeable truths" to his beloved disciples. It is more than a Resurrection; it is almost a Last Judgment. I am, etc.,

Paris, France.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

MISCELLANY.

THE recent skirmish between the theatre and the Church called forth a great deal of comment, but its essential significance seems to me to have been somehow overlooked. What interested me was that Dr. Straton and Mr. Brady exchanged rôles. While Mr. Brady, representing the theatre, became pious, conciliating and reassuring, Dr. Straton became histrionic after the fashion of the boisterous and windy melodramatic actor. He managed to steal the part of protagonist, and in true theatrical style succeeded in getting everywhere into the spotlight. The Church roared and thundered; the theatre was on the defensive, and carried the virtue of humility to the point of being painfully apologetic. Mr. Faversham was hurt; Miss Laurette Taylor was shocked; Miss Dorothy Gish assured us that she prayed every morning. Even Mr. Louis Sherwin, whose critical judgment is as a rule meritorious, writes from Los Angeles to say that the Mecca of film-stars is as uninterestingly moral as a Sunday in London.

THE odd thing is that not one voice was raised in protest against Dr. Straton's implication that the theatre should be moral and dull, that no one dared to defend the theatre's real integrity, that no one had the courage to admit Dr. Straton's premises and justify them by an abundant and passionate faith in a wiser and larger way of life. The theatre moved shamefacedly backwards in an ignominious confession of inner poverty, of a trembling, timid and secretive sinfulness. The theatre never once found courage to cast doubt on the criterion of moral excellence which the Church went so far beyond its Founder in upholding; and therein lay the victory of the Church.

THE most comical aspect of the matter, however, was the exhibition of poor acting which the theatre's representatives gave. Their performance was grotesquely lacking in conviction. Possibly actors are not made to act their own parts, like the rest of us; yet this display of hidden virtue was characteristic of our national psychology in the matter of morals. We are always much better than anyone supposes us to be; we are always ready to acclaim the preacher, the reformer, the moral uplifter, to bow down in unquestioning obedience to the self-appointed representative of the good life. We welcome censorship because we wish to imply that it is superfluous. In consequence, it is made to serve as gratuitous advertising, and the clergyman becomes a willing publicity-agent. Vice may thrive here and there, in dark and loathsome corners—no doubt it does—but virtue is a national commodity. It appeals everywhere like the national anthem; and censorship is a kind of patent-right by which the Church seeks to place its trade-mark on authentic works of drama.

I HAVE lately been galvanizing my moribund interest in public affairs by a perusal of the European comic papers. The state of mind disclosed by them is unpleasant enough, and their evidence is borne out by my correspondence with friends abroad. One of these writes me from a great French industrial centre as follows: "You have been giving us some hard knocks. After the Washington conference, and the demand for the redemption in twenty-five years of our debts, comes this claim for reimbursement of cost of maintaining troops on the Rhine. American popularity is at its lowest ebb, and it will take hundreds of

thousands of tourists with their pockets bulging with dollars, to restore some measure of love for the United States. Of course, all this is put down to German propaganda. Wonderful! what people think propaganda will do, even in such untoward hands as those of the Germans (because if anybody ever bungled anything, surely the Teutons made a mess of propaganda during the war and since, supposing they do still indulge in it).

"As to revolutions, there is to my mind a decimal chance of some such thing happening in three countries in Europe, and three only—Italy, Spain and Poland. We shall see nothing of the kind here. I can assure you that the dreadful state of things in Russia has had a terrific effect on our side of the ocean. Even the most hot-headed of the working classes are not at all inclined to risk bringing about bolshevism in their own country. In England it is not impossible, though unlikely; we may see a political revolution. Personally I doubt it. I don't see anybody to lead one. I had a talk only a short time ago with X.Y. He is, as you know, a very fine type of man; absolutely honest—too much so to be a great political leader—always weighing the pros and cons, and afraid of doing this or that lest he should compromise himself. He is certainly the brainiest of the British labour-leaders. Here we have 'no labour-leader who really enjoys the confidence of any party; in fact, it is customary to suppose that they are in the pay of either the police or the Government. It is amusing to see that the two are spoken of disjunctively. Look at the former labour-leaders, Briand and Millerand! Occasionally we are served up some of their speeches of not so many years ago! Think, too, of Albert Thomas who now enjoys the trifling salary of 300,000 francs a year plus, it is said, pickings!

"HERE we, week by week, move down a point or two: nobody knows exactly what to do. It is interesting and curious that the great firm of Schneider has issued a loan in the United States. Many anomalous things have been happening in the world, because vast firms like Schneider need money to keep their concerns going, and can not run them on an industrial basis. This firm, with its satellites, has been most opposed to letting American business men have any part in reconstruction in France. I have personal knowledge of this. One of their principal men told a friend of mine who submitted to them a good industrial proposition, 'We don't want any Americans in French business,' and yet, here we find American banks issuing a loan for them. It was a beautiful opportunity to remind them of their attitude immediately after the armistice. Of course, as things have turned out I don't suppose that American business men would have done anything here although there were wonderful opportunities; but the policy of those who rule banking and industry in the United States has been weak and they are now having to pay for it.

"WELL, I suppose you are, like myself, a mere onlooker; one is apt to consider all these happenings rather cynically, when one has foreseen them all. I don't know whether I have mentioned it, but when my friend, A.B., was in the United States five years ago at the request of some prominent bankers, he met them and discussed all these prospects—as they then were—freely. The only result was that he was denounced to the British and French ambassadors, and it might have ended in serious trouble. I remember one of the Ministers here telling me at the beginning of June, 1916, that the war was absolutely certain to be over in September of that year; not the slightest doubt of it; information had been received from secret agents in Germany that they were at their last gasp—no food, no men, no ammunition, etc. That is a lurid fact. It shows the brain-power of those who rule in Europe. Are yours any abler? A friend was writing me from the United States the other day that the tragedy of the hour was that Harding who had been elected to defend conservative interests, was likely to pass socialistic legislation. That would be a delightful thing to see. So much does

distance distort things that some of us over here believe that the next revolution is going to be in the United States, and that it will be a very sanguinary affair; which I suppose is just as erroneous as the ideas held regarding the people on our side.

"I THINK the French debt ought to be repaid and what is more (very few people will agree with me, I think) that it might be repaid in time. There are enormous cash-resources in France literally hidden away in the ground, but the French have no intention of repaying it; and of course as regards the enormous debt to England, which so badly needs the money, no one even discusses it.

"LEAVING aside the question of responsibility for the origin of the war, the Germans did behave with absolute bestiality. A good deal of the damage done was, naturally, inseparable from war-operations. On the other hand, an enormous amount of it was done just for the love of the thing. The absurd part of the whole business is that any damages Germany can pay, will go in the upkeep of the Allied armies in occupied territory. But I really don't think that Germany has yet been made to suffer sufficiently for her barbarous conduct along so many lines. One must have seen what she did in this country to understand the feelings prevalent here. What astonishes me is that the French are not much more vindictive than they are. I am afraid if I had had any control of matters, I should have deliberately destroyed one or two German towns, just to teach them a lesson for the future. It is no doubt unchristian and anything else you like, but that would have been one of the best preventatives of future war. If a town like Düsseldorf or Cologne had been absolutely razed, as so many French towns were, the bitterness of reconstructing it would have given the military party in Germany something to think over for a quarter of a century to come."

JOURNEYMAN.

ART.

MODERN ART ON EXHIBITION.

LAST summer the Metropolitan Museum showed us in a most important exhibition some of the treasure of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist painting that has been accumulating in the galleries of New York collectors. To-day, and until 10 April, there is, at the Sculptors' Gallery, an exhibition which forms a distinguished complement to that given at the Museum. It is composed mainly of sculpture of the period which may be regarded as beginning with Rodin and centring around Duchamp-Villon and Brancusi. With these works is hung a group of pictures by Seurat, Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Braque, Dufy, de la Fresnaye, Rouault, and others, which serves as an invaluable reminder of the tendencies of painting during those same years, and carries us farther along in the modern development of art than did the collection at the Museum.

Several general deductions may be made after viewing the exhibition. It shows the growth of certain qualities that the past did not possess in the same degree, and to that extent it is an advance over the past. It is homogeneous; notwithstanding differences of age, conception and method among the artists represented, and despite very great differences in the value of their work, they all contribute to what is roughly called "modern art," and the ensemble of the group enables the visitor to say whether he is for or against the movement—whether he thinks the term is rightly used of the work of these men and women or whether the authentic artistic expression of our time must be looked for in other schools. There is no tribunal to decide the question, but we know that the public which does accept

these works as modern art, and looks on that art as a worthy continuation of the great schools of the past, has grown enormously in latter years. At the time of the International Exhibition of 1913, which first brought to this country large numbers of modern works, there were very few examples of the most modern painting or sculpture in American collections. Certain art-lovers in this country have since been steadily acquiring them, and to-day the big gallery with its numerous collection (there are twenty-three pieces by Brancusi alone) contains not the loans from abroad that we saw nine years ago, but works that Americans have bought to possess and live with. Speaking from the standpoint of those who admire this art, one may say that the insight and the courage that have made possible the acquiring of these works will rank high in the estimate which the future will make of American culture. If these sculptures and paintings may be looked upon as a significant offering of contemporary art, it is a matter for congratulation that American collectors, recognizing talent at the time when it appeared, have aided the artists at the moment when encouragement and support are the most useful. As a majority of the exhibits come from the collection of Mr. John Quinn, it is but fitting that mention be made of his early and unwavering faith in the modern artists.

I shall not attempt to speak in detail of the twenty painters and sculptors represented in the exhibition, for to do so would involve a discussion of almost every important phase of the art of the last quarter-century or more. One feature of the collection, however, because of its completeness and importance, deserves intensive study: the group of sculptures in which may be traced almost the whole life-work of Raymond Duchamp-Villon. Before coming to these, however, a few other exhibits must at least be noticed. There is a characteristic and beautiful picture by Seurat which has never before been shown in America. The history of Seurat's short career is concentrated chiefly in a few big canvases, still hidden away in private collections abroad, and therefore the world has been slow to realize how great a place is his in the modern development of painting. The landscape shown here does not reveal the full range of his qualities, but it can lead us to a clearer understanding of his method and his genius. Another important opportunity afforded by the exhibition is that of seeing two of the most recent paintings by Picasso. At first they may seem to provide a strong argument against the idea of Cubism which Picasso's work has done so much to foster. Question the painter himself and he will deny that he has turned backward in his development. He insists that he is consistently advancing when he uses his knowledge of form and structure for work having a realistic exterior; and indeed, even if there are here no abstract planes or angles, one comes to see that in these paintings with their classical balance, he is farther from the romantic illustrations of his early period than he was during the following ten years or more which were occupied with Cubistic pictures—which he continues to produce.

Perhaps the work that will attract most notice at the exhibition is the sculpture of Brancusi. It first challenges discussion because of its novelty, and its warmest supporters must concede at least superficial differences from the classics. They may well hold, however, that this—far from being a concession—is something to be affirmed with pride. The past holds us with a tight grip, but it is only the weaker men who let it crush them into its mould—and who thus lose what ideas they have together with the form they should have given

them. In the past century the strong men have constantly required new forms—or forms that seemed new until traced back to some earlier art. A novel form, however, is no guarantee of important ideas, and in the present case as in all others, one must penetrate beyond the externals. Then we perceive that Brancusi is both a great idealist and a master craftsman. The question still remains whether these two qualities supply a sufficient basis for his art. Having stated the question as I see it, I must not here undertake to discuss it. I would, however, suggest to the visitor who is inclined to decide against Brancusi as having omitted too much which underlies classic work, that he take note how this sculpture grows from the forms with which we are more familiar, how again and again it accentuates admirable things found in the older work, and how its strangeness, its exoticism like that of the Orient, its very incompatibility with our classics, is yet something that widens our idea of art.

In the case of Duchamp-Villon, we surely turn to a man of the great line of European sculptors. The importance of the series of his works here shown is in no way connected with the fact that he was killed in the war; although a French writer well acquainted with contemporary achievement has spoken of this sculptor's death as "the greatest loss that the world suffered in the war." Not even the probability that we shall not soon have another such opportunity to see his work would justify singling him out for discussion, if the work in itself were not so great, despite its having been arrested at a point from which Duchamp-Villon was surely proceeding to even finer things.

His life was even richer than his sculpture indicates, for he was a thinker and a leader of the thought of others. Some of his ideas survive in letters and other writings soon to be published, and it is with satisfaction that one is able to say that his theories of the relationship of the arts in our time, and of the need for common effort among the artists, have been put into effect. Although the war has seriously interfered with the execution of Duchamp-Villon's projects, they were based on needs so real, and were already so strongly impressed upon the minds of other men that there can be no doubt concerning their survival.

Briefly, he felt that the dispersal of artistic effort in our time, due to the absence of a central idea or architecture at which all could work, constituted our most serious difficulty. It isolated men, left them to feed on their own sensibility or on anachronistic borrowings from the past, instead of living frankly and fully in the present. And so, with a group of friends at the Salon d'Automne, he set out to remedy this lack. Each contributed something—furniture, iron-work, glass-ware or wall-paper—to a house (actually built, as far as the first story, at the Salon of 1912) for which Duchamp-Villon himself supplied the architecture. He took the French city-residence, treated its façade as a thing having behind it a steel framework, as modern buildings do, and invented a new scheme of lines and forms to fit the new demands of the construction. In doing so he was guided partly by the design that the Cubists were evolving in the construction of their pictures and sculptures (a work in which he had an important share), and partly by the old principle of adapting directly from nature the forms demanded by his architecture. In the present exhibition there is a bronze cast of a model for the decoration of an American college. Unhappily, the college authorities rejected the project despite the strong recommendation of their architect. Our need to-day is for a style capable of inventive development such as made the classics of the

past, and this work would have marked a great step towards an architecture suited to modern conditions and ideas. In a letter regarding his model, Duchamp-Villon said:

As I am here dealing with a *dormitory*, I have taken as my theme, 'the firmament,' the geometric base imposed on each motive being the ellipse. The decoration of the upper floor represents one of the planets, the means being the scintillation of the stars; the lowest floor has the moon and its beams. I hasten to tell you that this theme is literary only in so far as it fits the need of relating the decoration to the uses of the place decorated, and that for me the whole pleasure consists in obtaining motives whose origin is to be found directly in life—as abstract as their realization may appear.

This last sentence could apply to his entire production; to his sculpture in the round as well as to his architecture. In his earliest work, when he was most nearly copying nature, there was always something of the abstract quality which saves the artist from lifeless imitation; in his latest work there were still the "motives whose origin is to be found directly in life"; and so when he comes closest to pure abstraction, he still possesses something of that other quality of French art through which, for all its classic heritage, it expresses its love for the world we live in. Ingres himself, in all his preoccupation with his divine Raphael and the Greeks, in all his mastery of the abstract beauty of line and form, remains a Frenchman of his time, a keen observer of its men and women.

In the large bas-relief of "The Lovers," the figures, despite the severity of the style, are tender and deep in their expression; the planes that bound them have an organization as inevitable as that of a Gothic cathedral. The "Torso of a Young Man" has again the Gothic insistence on planes, which fitted in so readily with the cubistic essays in composing with forms divested of their visual relation with the object; but the spring and balance of this figure seem to go back to earlier ancestors of the French artist than the men of the Gothic period—to the Greeks, perhaps, who set their warriors in this position and gave them a similar equilibrium. The "Baudelaire" is subtler, perhaps less easy to relate with the past. It seems to be the grand and sudden creation of a mind intent on presenting the image of the master in its gravest and most noble aspect. Nothing, however, was sudden in Duchamp-Villon's development. He went on with laborious logic, proving each step a dozen times before he made another; and we realize in its full measure the tragedy of his death only when we see his work as a sort of unfinished pyramid, broad at the base and building up slowly and harmoniously from all sides.

He had gone far, however. Were something of his Rodinesque beginnings in pure realism included in this exhibition, we should see how he had evolved in the years that intervene before he reaches "The Horse," the last important work before his death. But his evolution was always a process of freeing the capacities that were latent within the artist from the first; a genuine evolution, in other words, and unlike those changes of aspect which take place in work that adds to itself by borrowing from without. Thus "The Horse," so dissimilar to the earlier works, will be seen by those who can follow the artist to be only another product of the talent which, previously, had given us the inspiring figure called "A Girl of the Woods." In that work Duchamp-Villon restated in nearly its own terms the theme that engaged him; in the late work he almost abandons the pursuit of physical resemblance in order to offer us an equivalent for the movement—the idea of the horse that to him is essential—in a sort of animated mechanism, a simile, as the poet calls it, for the distinguishing

force of our time. Is there still beauty in this thing that turns nature into machinery? asks a dubious observer. Yes; the beauty that comes of grave and intense expression, of ideas handled with a sureness and a clarity not possible to the artist in the years when unassimilated material still hampered the movement of his mind; the beauty of a spirit which takes the chaos of nature and imposes upon it the order that the long upward climb of the race has achieved, and that is made visible to us by men of genius. It is because France has not ceased to bring forth men like Duchamp-Villon that we may feel an unshakable confidence in her future.

WALTER PACH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

SIRS: It may interest you to know that in 1882 the Minister of Education in the Province of Ontario took from the courses of study in the public schools Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion" on the ground that it was "immoral." I am, etc.,
Brooklyn, New York.

R. S. DOWSR.

A REPLY TO MR. RUSSELL.

SIRS: I own to an emotion of surprise on reading, in your issue of 29 March, the rejoinder of Mr. Charles Edward Russell to my recent letter on the laws of rhythm, which was itself a rejoinder to a review by Mr. Llewellyn Jones. Mr. Russell says:

If I do not misunderstand my friend Miss Monroe, she implies a belief that the objection to free verse is founded upon faith in classical prosody as applicable to verse-writing in English.

Permit me to suggest that the above implication is entirely Mr. Russell's. "Free verse" was never mentioned, nor indeed thought of, in my letter; the issue was a much larger one—the inadequacy of an unscientific inherited prosody to cover the rhythmic analysis of modern poetry, or indeed of any poetry.

My friend Mr. Russell is also "startled at the suggestion that Lanier can be cited in defence of the barbarian irruption of free-versifiers." The mention of Lanier's name was Mr. Jones's, not mine; and I doubt if Mr. Jones would cite him in defence of the barbarians.

Mr. Russell's letter is an interesting protest against statements I never made and opinions I never implied. I have discussed free verse, and may do so again; but that is another story. I am, etc.,
Chicago, Illinois.

HARRIET MONROE.

REPARATIONS AND REPUDIATIONS.

SIRS: I am obliged to you for printing my previous letter on the subject of the cancellation of the British debt to the United States Government in your issue of 8 March, and must apologize for returning to the subject. Your reviewer, whom I took to task, said, "We now know that no sooner was the armistice signed than the British Premier began to importune the United States Government for permission to repudiate the British debt. . . ." In support of this statement he now refers to a telegram from Mr. Austen Chamberlain dated 9 February, 1920, and a letter from Mr. Lloyd George dated 5 August of the same year.

These were sent fourteen and twenty-one months respectively after the armistice, and were part of an effort long since abandoned by the British Government to solve the problem of the interstate debts by all-round cancellation, which involved a net paper loss to the British taxpayer of about \$400 million, not counting the sums due from Russia. The British taxpayer would, I believe, have willingly borne this "cruel and unusual punishment."

To dismiss this policy as indistinguishable from the Bolshevik repudiation of the Russian State debt betrays a myopic vision and ignorance of the great issues involved.

There are two vast factors making for unsettlement and a continuance of industrial stagnation and unemployment in the United States and the United Kingdom; these are the debts above referred to and reparations. British radicals are pressing for the cancellation by the British Government of debts due to her, and for a wholesale reduction of reparations-demands. However, they regarded the policy of the British Government as a big step in the right direction, for it would have removed one of the unsettling factors, and have

greatly weakened the French case for clinging to their exorbitant demands on Germany. They regretted that the United States, through fear of American public opinion, refused even to consider the British suggestion, and they lament that this should apparently have been one of the occasions when American radicals approved of the action of their Government. I am, etc.,
London, England.

J. E. TOULMIN.

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF TREATIES.

SIRS: Your article on the "sanctity" of treaties in the *Freeman* of 22 March is bound to whet the interest in the study of this subject even of those who formerly passed it by. They will find much valuable material in a book which received little notice when it appeared in 1917 during the hectic months of our getting into the war and getting the Allies out of the slough of defeat; "Breaches of Anglo-American Treaties," by John Bigelow, Major U. S. Army, retired; (Sturgis and Walton Co.).

On page 183, Major Bigelow sums up his investigations as follows:

Now to sum up and balance the accounts of the treaty-violations committed by Great Britain and the United States against each other. During the one hundred and thirty years between 1783 and 1913, about thirty separate and distinct compacts that may be considered as treaties were concluded between the two Powers. Of these thirty treaties, the following eight (about one in four) were violated by Great Britain, several of them in more than one particular: [Then follows the list.]

Of these treaties the first, second, fourth, and fifth may be regarded as violated also by the United States, but with the possible exception of the fifth, only after violation by Great Britain. No treaty between Great Britain and the United States appears to have been violated by the United States alone.

In the preface, Major Bigelow quotes Sir Harry Johnston, a British author writing with the prestige of official position, thus:

Treaties in fact only bind the policy of the United States as long as they are convenient. They are not really worth the labour their negotiation entails or the paper they are written on. It is well that their position should be realized, as it may save a great deal of fuss and disappointment in the future.

In your discussion of the treaty of 1839 you are in error when you state that "the two States" (Holland and Belgium) had been "neutralized" by it. The neutralizing clause referred only to Belgium. It reads:

Belgium within the limits specified in Articles I, II and IV shall form an independent and perpetually neutral State. It shall be bound to observe such neutrality towards all States.

The other clauses, or articles, of the treaty refer to the boundaries of Belgium agreed upon. In a supplementary treaty between Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia on the one part, and Belgium on the other, the high contracting Powers agree that the articles of the treaty containing the above quoted clauses "are considered as having the same force and validity as if they were textually inserted in the present Act, and that they are thus placed under the guarantee of their said Majesties."

This supplementary treaty seems to have escaped your notice, for you say: "One will search the treaty of 1839 in vain for any guarantee to Belgium."

The multiplicity of treaties concluded on that 19 April, 1839, and the whole question of Belgian neutrality are quoted and discussed in a standard book on the subject: "The Neutrality of Belgium," by Alexander Führ, Funk & Wagnalls Company, 1915.

You refer to Mr. Gladstone's views in 1870: that "more stringent measures for the protection of Belgian neutrality" were needed "than the general guarantee of 1839." When Mr. Gladstone said this in Parliament, he said something else that may well be quoted in connexion with the myth of the sanctity of treaties, namely: that a guarantee made under entirely different conditions was not enforceable.

As to the neutrality of Belgium, said to have been guaranteed by a "sacred" treaty (namely: the one of 1839), zealously watched over by the Entente and ruthlessly broken by Germany in 1914, this myth too is well punctured by you. You make it perfectly clear that Great Britain did not hold this neutrality to have been "guaranteed" in 1870, but most people still believe that at least Sir Edward Grey held the view that the treaty of 1839 secured a "guaranteed" neutrality to Belgium unlike that of any other country which in a war might choose to remain neutral.

This is not the case, although the despatches which contain the proof have been omitted from the British Blue Book by Sir Edward Grey. Unfortunately for him, he was not given the opportunity of excising the damaging passages from other official documents. The Belgian Grey Book,

No. 37, 4 August, 1914, contains this passage (Despatch from the Belgian Minister at London):

The Minister for Foreign Affairs (Sir Edward Grey) has informed the British Ministers in Norway, Holland and Belgium, that Great Britain expects that these three kingdoms will resist German pressure and observe neutrality. Should they resist they will have the support of Great Britain, who is ready in that event, should the three above mentioned Governments desire it, to join France and Russia, in offering an alliance to said Governments. . . .

In other words, Sir Edward Grey made no difference between the "guaranteed" neutrality of Belgium and the voluntary neutrality of Holland and Norway, as late as 4 August, 1914. No wonder he felt obliged to omit from his printed Blue Book the despatches to his representatives in Holland and Norway, when his associates in the Cabinet refused to enter the war on the strength of his commitments to France, and he had to fall back upon the "treaty-obligations" and the "guaranteed neutrality of Belgium" as a pretext for entering the war.

Belgium is no longer a "neutral" State, incapable of entering into defensive or offensive alliances with other States. As you point out, she has already made a secret treaty with France, the only possible objective of which is an anticipated conflict with Great Britain.

Great Britain has added millions of square miles of booty to her Empire as the result of the war; but, to paraphrase the Bible, what shall it profit Great Britain if she shall gain the whole world, and lose the security of the coast of a neutral Belgium? I am, etc.,

West Brooksville, Maine.

EDMUND VON MACH.

BOOKS.

MANNERS MAKETH MAN.

As many copies of this book have been sold as of "Main Street" or "If Winter Comes," not necessarily to the same people. While the moving-picture business busies itself with such moral questions as "Ought a brother-in-law to care," the "Book of Etiquette" responds to the more delicate emergencies of a social setting and inquires, "Should she ask him in?" or, more generally, "What is to be done?" It is all very unnerving.

I hope that no one will be so insensitive as to dismiss this book with an ill-bred sneer. True, one requires of so definitive a work nothing less than absolute correctness; and little errors have crept in, such as listing Baronet, Knight, and Lady under the heading of Royalty. The author's reflections upon life are, of course, not set forth with the same assurance as her guide to the civilities, yet one detects here and there a tendency to undue generalization, as in the statement that "Glowing terms and impassioned emotion are, indeed, very bad taste" in a proposal of marriage; and one suspects her of condoning subterfuge and deception when she says that after a suitor has been accepted "if it is not already disclosed, it is customary for him to reveal his true status" to the girl's parents. As has been remarked in another connexion, this will never do! Emily Thornwell who, in 1857, wrote "The Lady's Guide to Perfect Gentility," would not have countenanced such a thing, for we find, as among the essential model letters in her book, one from an aged lady in the country to her niece in New York, warning her that "a certain Mr. Buxby" with whom she has been seen at Niblo's and promenading Broadway, "is privately engaged to a rich old widow in the Jerseys" and is therefore not to be trusted. Manners change, we know, lest one good custom should corrupt the world, but in this we are frankly with the older generation.

Such matters apart, we may follow Miss Lillian Eichler in her efforts "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline," after Spenser's phrase. What she is after is something which makes the world a better place to live in, and the name

is not important. "Some of us," she says, "call it good form. Some of us call it culture. Some of us call it etiquette." The scribes and the pharisees, no doubt, have done their worst; "but through generations the ideal of perfected culture surged until to-day we have a code of manners that is the pride and inspiration of refined living." She might have added, with Emerson, that God forgives everything but bad manners. One is made aware that etiquette is not an End in Itself, but a "tool that opens the portals to a broader life"; that etiquette is an art, and, like all the other arts, is based on control and discipline, especially discipline of the impulses. Dr. Crane, the famous essayist and philosopher, is quoted: "The genuine lady speaks low."

A decent regard for the rights of others is indicated; and intolerance, one gathers, has no place in a cultured society. "As England's inimitable J. M. Barrie has so aptly remarked, 'Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others can not keep it from themselves.'" Lest I overemphasize these abstract portions of the argument, I hastily add that there is a brief chapter on "Etiquette's Reward." It leads to success.

The two volumes are divided into several books. The first includes Engagements, Wedding Invitations, Weddings, The Bride's Outfit, Funerals, and Christenings. The second approaches the *pons asinorum* of Introductions, Calling-Customs, Visiting-Cards, Invitations, Correspondence, and the general subject of Parents and Children. With these we may consider that the framework of life has been erected, so that volume two can go on to Servants, Dinners and other meals and entertainments, Dancing, and Games. That is not all, for, like the older writers on the subject, the author recognizes the importance of Conversation, and to complete a picture of American life, adds notes on behaviour on the street, at the theatre, in the hotel, *en route*, and abroad. In the Appendix of Foreign Words in Frequent Social Usage we discover that *grace à Dieu* means grace of God. Better Latinists than the author have, with less excuse, translated *O tempora! O mores!* as she does, Oh the times! Oh the manners!

The social scene thus created is full of nuance, of subtlety and danger. As I read, my eyes turn from the slipshod, the shambling, awkward, "spoiled," safe men and women of our streets and houses, and there rises a vision of America! Hundreds of thousands of men and women, trimly but not gaudily dressed, their gait graceful and instinct with power, strolling along our elegant boulevards, the gentleman always on the kerb-side of the lady, nay, on the kerb-side of two or three ladies and never sandwiched, never allowing himself the vulgarity of saying, "a thorn between two roses." I see them receiving properly engraved invitations to superbly managed functions, and refusing them on account of a previous engagement. Not even at her wedding is the bride's arm taken; never in time of death does the man-servant stationed at the door to receive cards fail to wear a complete black livery. The ghastly business of riding in a taxi with a comparative stranger is solved for them, since the young man never sits on the same seat with the young lady, unless she specifically asks him, and she never asks him; and when they are abroad, these people, changing their skies but not their manners, as they write bread-and-butter letters here, pay what the French call a "*visite de digestion*." It is true that a slight hardening is the result; Daisy Ashford's notable Minnit, "roaming about the hall, prepared for any deed," Boon's Mutimer, who "knew," are some of the sacrifices to a system which declares that "the duties of the butler confine him to the drawing-room and the dining-room";

¹ "The Book of Etiquette," Lillian Eichler. 2 vols. Oyster Bay, New York: Nelson Doubleday, Inc. \$3.50.

but they are a sacrifice well made, for these chosen people know how to speak to servants, never addressing them as Maggie or Lizzie, but with "Good morning, Margaret" starting the day right, "both for the mistress and the maid." They go on automobile-trips, and the host and hostess pay all expenses incurred *en route*; moreover the chauffeur is not forgotten when they stop for refreshments. In action their lives are perfect; but one delves to the spirit and sees there the endless crises, the grave questions which are solved as they arise, and solved in the one and only way. Surely under the cynical eye of the room-clerk it must seem more reasonable, more plausible to sign "Mr. Harris K. Jennings and wife"; but breeding counts, and after an acute struggle, so hidden, so delicate, with the consciousness of the social pit yawning beneath one, one writes, "Mr. and Mrs. Richard Greene" instead. At the theatre the men are allowed to go out during the intermission to see a man about a dog, but the dog must wait until to-morrow if it is a theatre-party *à deux*. So while thousands of hats are raised, and hundreds of thousands of heads are nodded, life passes for all with that ease and perfection, that clear, clean smoothness of the Golden Age, over the hills and far away, or, perhaps more accurately, east of the sun and west of the moon. And as life passes, our people (*vulgo*, the folks), hold sacred conversations. "In this beautiful country, filled with charming woodland scenes, landmarks of interest, museums, schools, monuments, libraries, there is no excuse for the man or woman who finds that he or she has 'nothing to talk about.' In the newspapers every day, in books, plays, operas, even in the advertisements and posters, there is material for interesting conversation."

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass. . .

II

No one has yet written a history of etiquette through the ages; no one in writing of it seems willing to say that the history of the *idea* of etiquette is the history of civilization. The material is magnificent; the titles are magical. There are Chesterfield's Letters proposing the ideal of a gentleman who knows how to get things done for him, but never can do anything himself, to show the change in good society within two centuries from the time when Henry Peacham considered it the duty of a gentleman to blazon his own coat of arms. Another change, no less significant, may be noted in the gradual shifting of emphasis from "The Pretty Gentleman" to "The Perfect Lady," which you might call the "ladyfying," if you will not call it the feminization of our conception of urbanity. Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Honoré de Balzac found the subject of sufficient interest; the Rev. E. J. Hardy wrote a book once famous, "How to be Happy Though Civil"; Washington reduced the affair to fifty-seven Rules of Civility. In 1857, the exigencies of American life had brought forth a "Pocket Manual of Republican Etiquette"; and, at about the same time as Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad," there was issued "Good Form in England, by an American." The first half of our century was as fruitful in manuals as the Elizabethan age (and shortly after, and then, at long remove, the early Georgian eras), was in England. It was an Irishman who, recognizing the value of "an artificial good sense," was aware also of the impertinence of ceremonial behaviour and defied anyone "to assign an incident wherein reason will not direct us what we are to say and do in company if we are not misled by pride or ill nature." Swift's brief treatise is almost the last word in criticism on the subject:

As the common forms of good manners were intended for regulating the conduct of those who have weak understanding, so they have been corrupted by the persons for whose use they were contrived. For these people have fallen into a needless and endless way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troublesome to those who practise them, and insupportable to everybody else.

Behind all of these stands the one great book, "Il Cortegiano," by Baldassare Castiglione, a book written in the early sixteenth century when any man of the courts might have been forgiven for thinking that the achievement of the Renaissance was the substitution of manners for morals as the basis of the good life. It is a Platonic dialogue, undertaken at the court of Urbino, with the purpose of discovering the nature and attributes of a gentleman. It is a work of much wit, and in the English translation of Thomas Hoby, made in 1561, a book of endless entertainment. The specifications are put forth by a number of men and women, and not all are finally accepted; but even the proposals contribute to our knowledge of civilization. "A courtier ought of nature to have a faire comelynesse of fisname and person," we are told, and of his lady: "cleanlye and precise, with her shooes of vellute, and her hose sittyng cleane to her legge." It is when one arrives at the mental qualifications that one begins to see what has happened to breeding and manners since that time. Swift required "an uncommon degree of literature. . . dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horse, and speaking French." In Castiglione's time the Courtier was still a man at arms, decidedly a man whose honour was perpetually at stake; his physical fitness, his deftness at games (but tumbling was not necessary to him), were only as much a part of his breeding as his ability to write, and to write something worth reading, in prose and rhyme, his knowledge of the Humanities, and his ability and willingness to keep his mind at work. Indeed, the whole of "The Courtier" indicates that the first duty of a gentleman is to be interested in abstract questions. So that the book draws to its end with the outburst of Peter Bembo on Love, "which is nothings elles but a certain covetinge to enjoy beawtie."

III

"Love," says "The Book of Etiquette," "is sacred."

IV

It saddens one a little. Rhetorically, was it for this that the Fathers fought and their sons aspired? Did George Brummel live in vain? Is this civilization? Or, directly, does not one see in this, in five-foot shelves, in manuals and guides, in advertisements and life-extensions, the strange vacuity of our healthy American lives? They reach out, aware at odd uncomfortable moments, that they have not come to grips with life, that something mysterious is being kept from them. It is the habit of their minds to find everything outside; romantics we Americans shall be to the last, and like all romantics shall dream our Golden Age. It is only the horrid laid-on guilt of that age as we conceive it which makes us pause and consider.

GILBERT SELDES.

THE CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE.

THE friends of Romain Rolland have awaited with eagerness some sort of creative appraisal of the war from M. Rolland's pen.¹ Neither his tracts for the times nor his satirical drama of the peace has satisfied us; what we have wanted, and have seemed to have a right to expect, is a book of the depth and significance of "Jean-Christophe."

¹"Clerambault: the Story of an Indifferent Spirit During the War." Romain Rolland, Translated by Katherine Miller. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.00.

We must still hope that such a book will yet be written: for "Clerambault" is emphatically not that book. It presents the disillusioned view of war which most of us now hold, and has fine reflective passages in the vein of the great French moralists. If it had been cast in dialogue form it might have been as successful as some of Mr. Lowes Dickinson's Platonic conversations. But "Clerambault," the novel, does not rank, either as a work of art or as a human document, with the more important French books produced or influenced by the war. As one thinks it over, one realizes that the books which seem most likely to survive were written by Frenchmen as "pacifist" as Rolland himself; books like "Le Feu," for instance, "La Vie des Martyrs," "Le Travail Invincible," "Le Chant du Désespéré." The authors of the above were, to be sure, participants in the dramatic, even melodramatic action of the war: Barbusse and Vildrac in the trenches, Duhamel in the hospitals, Pierre Hamp in the war-factories. But can any admirer of Rolland doubt that the drama played out in the soul of the one outstanding French non-participant—the man who, like Olivier, could not choose save "for the oppressed"—would have been less crucially moving if he had been ready honestly to reveal it?

"Jean-Christophe" was not, strictly speaking, autobiography; "Clerambault" is not—and need not have been—autobiography. But, as one of M. Rolland's French critics said, "Every line of 'Jean-Christophe' is founded on an experience, a grief, a love, an irritation. The work is necessary as the cry of a child." It is this necessity that one misses in "Clerambault." Experience, grief, love, irritation are surely in the subsoil of this novel. Now and then, as we read, a signal from the depths makes a shutter click, and we find ourselves suddenly looking truth in the face. But in an instant we are again gazing at a blur, a blank. The author is not willing, after all, to let us see.

The tale, in brief, is that of a French humanitarian writer, converted by the death of a son in battle from the first contagion of mob spirit and conventional patriotism to a complete disbelief in war; driven by his conviction to speak out against the prevailing madness; hounded by the bourgeois press; forsworn by friends; separated in spirit from wife and daughter; and fortuitously killed at last by the pistol shot of another bereaved father bent on blind revenge. It is obviously not Rolland's story. He, as every one knows, could not long endure the impingement of violent clan-emotion, the bitter conflict with intellectual equals. The law of his moral nature demanded that he should retire not only beyond the noise of the guns, but out of France. At a moment when his countrymen drew closer together, he had to stand apart and alone. Clerambault, on the other hand, remained in France, fought the enemies of truth in the hot arena, and took the consequences. In other words, Clerambault is more or less the man Rolland might have been if he had not migrated to Switzerland.

Great novels, I believe, have their origin in positive emotions. Is it not conceivable that the second-rateness and fumbling air of "Clerambault"—which extends from the character of the hero through the whole fibre of the book—may be the result of the indecisive conflict between Rolland the instinctive Frenchman and Rolland the convinced European? He must once have believed he had resolved the conflict. He had sought a hero in Germany—but brought him back to France: Christophe and Olivier together were unity. And then came August, 1914, annihilating this ideal unity, precipitating choice, partisanship. Rolland had not taken sides in the Dreyfus affair, the great French crisis of his youth. Many of his intellectual associates were shocked by this abstention. But abstention in 1914 was more than a shock. It was a crime, a monstrosity to most—an anomaly even to men who shared his views. Rolland the Frenchman—however sure Rolland the European felt of his unconquerable soul—must during the Swiss period have suffered a tragic sense of loss and insufficiency.

M. Rolland has written a novel that a psycho-analyst might well read as an inverted self-defence, because it so

belittles the position of the man he was not. He does not invest his pacifist hero with the least shade of charm or vivid life. The most one can say is that he exists more than the rest of the characters. One gets a sense of dislike, depreciation, almost disdain of him. He is a worthy soul, this poor Clerambault, but "a weak spirit feeling its way, uncertain, sensitive, impressionable, but sincere and ardent in the cause of truth." Olivier was weak in his fashion, but how we loved him! M. Rolland can not interest us in Clerambault, because he himself has no affection for him.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

A NATURALIST IN GUIANA.

Not long ago Mr. Beebe enjoyed the opportunity of flying over "the blinded canyons of the New York streets." The trains, on that occasion, seemed to him like caterpillars, the motor cars beetles, and human beings ants. His attitude, as he inspects with glass and microscope the eager activities of equatorial insect-life, has this same quality of detached curiosity.

Much of Mr. Beebe's research work as a naturalist has had for its background that luxuriant and romantic strip of land in South America known as British Guiana—the very country within the borders of which the imaginary city of El Dorado was, in the old days, supposed to be situated. His bungalow at Katabo stood on the edge of the jungle, so close to it indeed that his sleep was disturbed not only by bats "as large as small herons" but also "by stealthy rustlings, indistinct scrapings and low murmurs" which indicated, to his keen senses, the wholesale invasion of the wooden structure by other smaller but more numerous denizens of the forest. In his new book,¹ Mr. Beebe has succeeded in re-creating in a most vivid way the atmosphere that surrounded this remote habitation, the indescribable atmosphere of a tropical forest, with its illumined spaces and fragrant darkness, with its quivering and vibrating earth-murmurs, which, for those who know it, possesses so strange and enduring a fascination. The effect has been achieved indirectly and without conscious effort by the mere mention, perhaps, of the "familiar sound of palm leaves rubbing against each other," or by a casual reference to a wakeful parrot, "alone conscious in the moonlight, watching through the night with his great yellow orbs," or even, more imaginatively still, by a passing allusion to the light of an individual star, "gazing steadily upon my bungalow, as six millenniums ago he had shone unfalteringly down the little stone tube that led his rays into the Queen's Chamber in the very heart of the great Cheops."

Such pleasant writing, however, serves merely as a setting for Mr. Beebe's more serious scientific researches, a setting that enables him, by a rare imaginative process, to connect the life of the tiniest insect, creeping along the under side of a forest fern, with the catastrophic rushing of stellar bodies in the ultimate borders of space. The sound of a tree falling leads him to the edge of the sea where, in a tiny crevice behind a forest of twisted and contorted roots, he discovers a gecko lizard, placidly watching after the manner of lizards the humming movements of a fly. Looking into the farthest extremity of the aperture he is astonished to discover that this obscure place serves as a dancing-hall for innumerable little crane-flies. Three weeks later he again peers into the same crevice. The lizard has disappeared, but the flies are still there:

After a thousand hours, all the surroundings had changed. New leaves had sprouted, flowers faded, the moon had twice attained her full brightness, our earth and sun and the whole solar system had swept headlong a full score million miles in its endless swing toward Vega. Only the roots and the crane-flies remained.

The jungles of British Guiana and, indeed, of all South America are dominated, Mr. Beebe tells us, by two species of ants—the army-ants and the Attas, or leaf-cutting ants,

¹ "Edge of the Jungle." William Beebe. New York: Henry Holt and Co. \$2.50.

the former being carnivorous, the latter herbivorous. By a fortunate chance, a band of army-ants chose to build their nest in one of his outhouses, thus affording him a splendid opportunity for a close scrutiny of their complicated organizations. Seated on a chair directly under the nest, Mr. Beebe spent several hours watching their varied activities. He noted some curious facts. On their return from their jungle-excursions he observed that the bodies of the mandibled warriors underwent, at the hands of certain "workers" who stood ready for the purpose, a thorough cleansing of any encumbering substance. He also remarked that it was the business of a similar body of "workers," stationed upon the floor, to collect into small heaps all the unedible refuse ejected from the nest. These heaps or "miniature kitchen-middens" consisted of insect-scales, wings and legs, and were in some cases an inch high and nearly a foot wide. In this quaintly efficient world there is apparently little mercy for any ant whose limbs have met with an injury. The smell of ant-blood invariably seems to rouse suspicion, if not actual hostility; and the wretched cripples, if they escape being murdered, drag themselves to a quarantine quarter near the nest where, in a lamentable group, they await death, unattended. A heap of booty is left not far from them, and Mr. Beebe noticed that they would sometimes struggle to pick up a load: "The sight of that which symbolized all their life, actually aroused them to momentary forgetfulness of their disabilities." In many similar instances Mr. Beebe brings home to our imagination the untiring expenditure of energy which every day takes place upon our planet in spheres other than human. "As I write, a million jaws snap through their stint; as you read, ten million Attas begin new bits of leaf."

It is apparent from one passage in the last chapter that even the actions of insect-directed communities are not always infallible. Mr. Beebe once watched an army of Attas travelling round and round in a vicious circle of some hundred yards' circumference. They had evidently been on the way to a new pasturage when, by a wretched accident, their columns had met. He estimated that some of the deluded and industrious little creatures, thus tragically beguiled, had actually come labouring past the same spot no less than fifteen times. It must have been a melancholy spectacle and one curiously suggestive of the uncertain and treacherous conditions that surround, and seem inseparable from, every form of life upon this planet.

LEWELYN POWYS.

SHORTER NOTICES.

MR. DOBSON'S account of the Greek orators and their works¹ is competent but undistinguished. If it were not for the sympathetic chapter on Æschines, the book would scarcely have been worth writing. The real difficulty, however, is not with the book, but with the limitations which Mr. Dobson deliberately set upon himself. Why add one more to the long list of manuals which enumerate facts without explaining them? The facts about the Greek orators are fairly well-known, but the social and political reasons of their sudden rise to power in the Greek democracy will bear further investigation; and the story of the close relationship between eloquence and bribery deserves to be told by some one who is not dazed by Demosthenes.

R. K. H.

"THE WHISTLER JOURNAL"² comprises about three hundred pages of notes, with comments selected from records kept at irregular intervals, by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell. As a substantial evidence of the power of the human mind for sustained enthusiasm, it may be observed that this journal, which the Pennells began late in the year 1898, when they first knew that they were to write the authorized life, is still being faithfully kept, though the present volume ends with the death of Whistler in 1903, and the arduous task of writing the life was completed about five years later. "The Whistler Journal" is a bulky volume delightfully crammed with prints of Whistler's less familiar paintings, pastels, and pen-and-ink sketches. In this crowding material, honourably kept and generously offered us, there is evident a patience and a loyalty that touches

the imagination. What Whistler did and left undone, all God saw in him and man ignored, his grotesqueries, his genius, his peculiar endowment of Yankee sense, his swift wit, his viperish tongue, his transcendent patience when his work miscarried, his childish impatience when his pride was touched, his loves, his fragilities, his nicely developed knowledge of food, his dandyism: all this is recorded in these reasonably impartial records. At the close of the volume are to be found three important appendixes. The first of these papers is on "Whistler as a Decorator," comparing his work of deliberate simplicity with that of William Morris, who, in his passion for the romantic, ventured to convert the interior of his Georgian house at Hammersmith into sham mediæval; the second is on the Whistler Memorial, containing much interesting material now published for the first time and photographs of the rejected design by Rodin; the third, notes on the papers of "The Whistler versus Ruskin Action" including the brief for Ruskin, incorporated in which is Ruskin's own statement which it was to be "nuts and nectar" for him to deliver at the trial, and which he never did deliver, being ill at the time. All the legal documents on both sides of this action are included in the Whistleriana which Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have placed in the Library of Congress at Washington. These Whistler-Ruskin documents, as the authors say, still live "with the passion and the turmoil of the days long dead, when the virtue of art was in its subject and its value measured by the time and labour spent upon it."

F. E. K.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

THERE is an interesting study to be written on the psychology of literary fame. Why is it that certain authors of the past are always in favour, while others, equally good, have only an intermittent life? What determines the revival of this, that or the other classic? How does it happen that some authors who have had no popular fame at all, who are not classics and never will be, are yet treasured by collectors and have a sort of esoteric immortality among lovers of first editions? The catalogues of the dealers in rare books are filled with authors of this latter kind: collectors' fame, as it might be called, seems to have nothing in common with fame in the ordinary sense. Take, for a familiar example, "Doctor Syntax," that old stand-by of the bibliophiles: in the history of literature this book cuts the most insignificant figure, and even in the history of art its illustrations are not so very distinguished. This fame is like the fame of those old hunting-prints that are ignored by the critics and the public, yet never fail to carry the day in the auction-rooms. One might make a list of these collectors' classics just for the pleasure of observing how little it tallies with the ordinary canon of the literary historians.

No doubt there are laws that underlie these apparent freaks of literary fortune. No doubt there are reasons why Edward Fitzgerald should always have been a collectors' author while the first editions of greater and scarcely more popular poets are left to rot in the rain in the penny boxes. There are reasons why Oscar Wilde should still fetch fantastic prices when the general conclusion is that he was a writer of the fourth rank. These are, after all, commercial phenomena; and an astute dealer could probably explain them in the most plausible fashion. But fame has other caprices that are not so easily to be disposed of. Not long ago a certain critic mentioned a curious aspect of the reputation of Herman Melville: he said that Melville was always being re-discovered and forgotten again, that he had himself repeatedly urged people to read "Moby Dick," that they were obviously impressed by his description of the book and promised to look it up at once, that it always seemed to slip their minds, and that it somehow seemed to be impossible to establish Melville's position for good and all. That was an acute observation: there was something about the recent flurry of interest in Melville that seems to bear it out. Does anyone really suppose that the established canon of American literature is going to be greatly altered as a result of that particular boom? Some day there will be a house-cleaning on the American Olympus and the words of the Magnificat will be fulfilled; for the present American criticism is too busy with contemporary

¹"The Greek Orators." J. F. Dobson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.75.

²"The Whistler Journal." Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$8.50.

ideas. But why it is that Melville was not originally numbered among the elect is one of the strange circumstances of which I speak; another is the fact that "Moby Dick" seldom is, but is always to be, read.

THEN there is the fame of Mark Twain. Some of Mark Twain's best pieces have not been republished; on the other hand, fully three-quarters of his collected writings are of a sort that could never have survived by their merit alone. Barring half-a-dozen pages, even "The Innocents Abroad" is as obsolete as Baedeker would be if it ever could be—if a dead Baedeker were not more alive than a live Murray. Mark Twain is almost as much of a national institution as Lincoln; the other day a set of his works sold for the highest price that has ever been paid for a single literary item in an auction-room, and a year or two ago he was elected virtually by acclamation to the Hall of Fame. Yet measured by any sober judgment, he is not, save for two or three flights of genius, a writer of the first or even of the second rank. In all this matter the public is undoubtedly the victim of a prodigious fantastication. What is at the bottom of it? Advertising, largely. Every year a fortune is spent in maintaining what might be described as a permanent Mark Twain boom; and this has been going on for so long that Mark Twain's fame has at last become one of the very elements of the American atmosphere. Under such conditions it becomes all but impossible even for the most rational minds to look an author frankly in the face. It would be interesting to see the result if this extravagant supply of advertising oxygen were suddenly cut off, and Mark Twain's writings were left to fend for themselves: in ten years they would have returned to something like the position which they occupied in people's eyes, let us say in 1890, when the best of them had long since appeared. We have here one of the most singular of these freaks of literary fame, explicable indeed but none the less astonishing.

THE factitious reputations of such writers as Rupert Brooke are also easily explained. What is not so clear is the reason why this or that writer, often a very unimportant writer from the point of view of his own countrymen, finds a favour that he has never known at home in some other country with which no one would suspect him of having any particular affinity. Byron was not an unimportant writer, but no English critic has ever been quite able to understand his position on the Continent, or why Georg Brandes discovered in him one of the two or three fountainheads of the literature of the nineteenth century. Stranger still is the vogue of Sir Rider Haggard in Japan; and why should the author of "Daddy Long-Legs" have been a nine days' wonder in Denmark? Several of the older American humorists, who are all but completely forgotten in this country, still maintain a lingering existence in England. Ten years ago, at least, one could buy in London neat, fresh, six-penny editions of Orpheus C. Ker, Petroleum V. Nasby, Major Jack Downing and others whose writings could hardly have been found still in print in New York. There was even published in London in 1903 a volume of "Wit and Wisdom from Edgar Saltus," the most unexpected of tributes to a writer whose twenty-odd books had made but the slightest impression upon his own countrymen and whose death last year was practically unnoticed in the American press. On the other hand, there are many instances of English authors who have had their earliest fame in the United States. That was true in the past of Meredith and Browning; and it was a Boston publisher who issued the first collected edition of De Quincey.

IN America, to take another instance, Jack London, after his first two or three books, was never regarded very seriously. In Russia, on the other hand, he had, and perhaps still has, something more than a vogue. A certain Russian critic has explained this by saying that Jack London's exaltation of the will had, like Gorky's, the force of an actual message among Russian readers, whose

own literature had for so long fostered in them only habits of introspection. Among Americans, who have heard nothing but the gospel of the will, that same tendency soon placed Jack London among the Philistines. Perhaps this explains most of these cases in which writers have gained a greater reputation abroad than at home: it is a sort of cross-fertilization. Every people adopts from its neighbours the elements of their life that are most necessary to its own development. This accounts for the immense prestige of German thought in Carlyle's England and Renan's France, and perhaps if we could follow the process in sufficient detail we might find that even Sir Rider Haggard's popularity in Japan has had its profound psychic basis. Nothing happens by chance, the Freudians aver; and if no sparrow falls to the ground, so we may say that no best-seller crosses one national boundary rather than another, without reason. If at a certain moment tens of thousands of Danes read "Daddy Long-Legs," it was thus precisely because they were Danes and not Dutchmen. Who knows? We ourselves in America may be approaching the time when twenty-seven-volume Chinese novels will be as necessary to our existence as twenty-seven varieties of talcum powder are to-day.

For illogical ups and downs of this kind, for illegitimate reputations and unmerited obscurities, for anomalous literary phenomena of every kind, America is undoubtedly without parallel. Just as Mark Twain's fame has gone up like a rocket, so the fame of Howells has come down like a stick. With the wildest of advertising to confuse our minds and upset our values and no criticism to rectify our values and clarify our minds, that is inevitably the case. It is a situation which has, at least, this element of interest, that, knowing so little what we possess, we have always the chance of discovering some possession that is unexpectedly good. But indeed this question of the psychology of literary fame is altogether too complicated: for curious instances and opportunities for equally curious speculations it is a subject for an Isaac D'Israeli. Perhaps only a seventeenth-century philosopher like Burton could do justice to it.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Public Opinion," by Walter Lippmann. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.00.

"Jewish Children," by Shalom Aleichem. Translated from the Yiddish by H. Berman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.

"The Legacy of Greece," edited by R. W. Livingstone. New York: Oxford University Press. \$3.25.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE FREEMAN, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
COUNTY OF NEW YORK,

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared B. W. Huebsch, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the FREEMAN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, B. W. Huebsch, 116 W. 13th St., New York City.
Editors, Francis Neilson, Albert J. Nock, 116 West 13th St., New York.

New York.
Managing Editor, Walter G. Fuller, 116 West 13th St., New York.

Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is The Freeman Corporation. Stockholders owning 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock: S. W. Lyons, 116 West 13th St., New York; Frederick Hope, 116 West 13th St., New York; E. A. McMillan, 116 West 13th St., New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

B. W. Huebsch, Publisher.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1922.
Frances F. Leboyer (My commission expires Mar. 30, 1922).

They sputter: "THE FREEMAN is pro—pro—" Pro-what?

AMONG the FREEMAN's many good friends there is one in that centre of lively politics and breeding-ground of popular novelists, Indiana, who regales us pleasantly with his experiences in preaching the merits of the FREEMAN. In a letter, which deserves to be shared by the whole FREEMAN clan, he quotes from an article in the *Dresdner Neueste Nachrichten* on "What Do We Know of America," by Theodor Schulze. That writer, after expressing regret at the meagre signs of German culture in American periodicals, continues:

"The liveliest, freshest, most distinguished and best-written periodical in the whole of Anglo-Saxondom, the FREEMAN, is replete with the cultural influences of England and France, but of Germany one finds only occasional sporadic traces. In music alone the remnants of a German influence disclose themselves."

Now comes the funny part. The Indiana man concludes his letter thus:

"This particular issue of the *D. N. N.* came in the same mail that brought a letter from a good friend who informed me in no doubting words that he never again would read the FREEMAN because it is so obviously German in its every shred and fibre."

What is there to say further than, "You pays your money and you takes your choice!"

THE only propaganda that the FREEMAN is interested in fostering is the pro-culture movement. No initiation-fee is demanded of those who would join; it is not even necessary to read the FREEMAN to be a good member, but reading the FREEMAN makes allegiance much easier and more pleasurable. It is not a quietistic cult, for it arouses opposition among those who hold the prejudices and superstitions that mark political, economic, theological and even æsthetic orthodoxies, hence invites attack and demands defence.

Many an outsider has become a good pro-culturist by imbibing our spirited brew. Some critics say it has too much kick, they prefer a more sirupy cordial, such as used to make indigestion a certainty after a villainously heavy meal. Well, to those critics we say, in all kindness, that the FREEMAN came on the scene not to vie with those viscous liqueurs but to present a draught at once nourishing and piquant, that would never suggest dark brown on the morrow. Those who like our concoction with its sparkle and never a taste of cork should, in fairness to their thirsty friends, tell them of the FREEMAN. Absolutely within the law, but oh, how funny it makes the law seem!

Bringing up Congress.

WE will always have Volsteads and Fordneys with us, but with the growth of popular education we may hope to have fewer of them.

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